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THE NATION

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*Resentful Partner*

## CANADA FIGHTS ITS ORBIT

C. W. GONICK

*Benevolent Coercion*

## NEW YORK'S DOPE NOSTRUM

ANTHONY PRISENDORF

*Rebels from Affluence*

## The Provos of Holland

PIET THOENES

MANCHESTER'S MALAPROPAGANDA ELMER BENDINER

Letter from Two Germanys E. R. von FREIBURG

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# LETTERS

## little beauty

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: Unlike Robert Sherrill ["Marriage in Haste," *The Nation*, Mar. 20], I cannot persuade myself that the high probability of unattractive offspring from the A.B.C.-ITT union should be blamed exclusively upon one of the matrimonial partners. It is not a wedding of Beauty and the Beast as much as the marriage of childhood sweethearts who have much in common, have been brought up in the same climate and neighborhood, and who have always thought alike about most of the "important" issues and problems they are likely to face in the state of matrimony. . . . Why should a conflict arise about permitting "A.B.C. newscasters to say even an oblique kind word for Castro"? When has A.B.C. management "permitted A.B.C. newscasters such a thing"? . . .

A newscaster who has the urge to commit such indiscretions—no matter how oblique—is not likely to find himself in the vicinity of live microphones. Men who have urges to be indiscreet are simply not the A.B.C. type or the ITT type—not for any job where they can hurt the public "image," anyway. . . .

Little Beauty—like her competitors—has been very competent in keeping any "conflict of interest" off the air. When she leaves her virginal bed, she'll carry on as she always has. And we won't even notice the difference.

*Alice Mary Hilton*

*The Federal Communications Commission has voted to review its earlier decision approving the A.B.C.-ITT merger. As to A.B.C. and Castro, Miss Hilton has no doubt forgotten that it was this network that carried the late Lisa Howard's remarkable one-hour interview with Castro on May 10, 1963.* The Editors

## letter from South Vietnam

*The following letter is a response from leading students and professors at the universities of South Vietnam to the 100 American student leaders who in January, 1967, addressed a letter of concern about the war in that country to President Johnson. It is released by the Fellowship of Reconciliation.*

*Saigon*

Dear Fellow Students: We are students and professors from all the universities of South Vietnam (Saigon, Hue, Dalat, Can Tho and Van Hahn), who write to thank you for your action in trying to stop this terrible war in our country. We cannot act officially, as you did, because the universities here are not permitted by the government to express themselves freely. We have made petitions and appeals, but we cannot let our names be made public, because we would be arrested and imprisoned. . . .

Nevertheless, we write to thank you for your actions and to plead with you to continue. We ask you to consider these facts:

In South Vietnamese cities the American power has become so great in support of the Ky government that no one can speak against the war without risking his life or his liberty.

If it were not so, millions would speak out. The people of South Vietnam . . . are not Communists, but if the war does not soon end, they will join the National Liberation Front because they see no other way out.

Americans should not believe that they are protecting the South Vietnamese against communism. Most of us believe that the United States wants to control our country only in order to prepare for war with China.

The present government of South Vietnam is not our

*(Continued on page 500)*

# EDITORIALS

## Why Unthinkable?

Sen. Clifford P. Case of New Jersey is one of our more thoughtful legislators and a leader among moderate Republicans, but his stand on the politics of Vietnam is disappointing. It is "unthinkable," he argues, for any candidate to "make political capital" out of the Vietnamese War in the 1968 campaign. "I've been boiling at the idea that Vietnam would be considered by either party as a political issue," Mr. Case said in a TV interview on April 1. He said he was distressed by reports that advisers of Gov. George Romney were divided over whether he should be a hawk or a dove in his pursuit of the Presidency. There is ample reason to be distressed, but only over the fact that Mr. Romney and his supporters seem to feel that it is purely a question of which stand will collect the more votes. The argument that the issue should be buried is in conflict with the whole theory and practice of political democracy. If it prevails, it will make the 1968 campaign meaningless.

In 1964, the incumbent President made it quite clear that he had no intention of escalating the war. He as much as promised to pursue a policy of caution, in contrast to the harsh and reckless line which his opponent appeared to endorse. Once he was assured of four more years in office, Mr. Johnson in effect changed places with Mr. Goldwater. Are we now to understand that the Johnson Administration is not to be held accountable for what has happened, for the original deception and the series of deceptions that followed? How are the people in a democracy ever to play a major part in government if their hands are to be tied by the inhibitions that Senator Case advocates?

Mr. Case seems to have forgotten the stand of the Presidential nominee of his own party in 1952. Korea was labeled a police action, as Vietnam is labeled now. As that undeclared war dragged on, it became increasingly unpopular, although never so unpopular as the Vietnamese War has been from the outset. Prompted by a speech writer, General Eisenhower promised to go to Korea if he was elected. Was this making political capital, or wasn't it? Are we to understand that Senator Case, in retrospect, regrets that General Eisenhower carried out his inferential promise to end the Korean War?

Mr. Johnson has managed to pre-empt the center position on Vietnam, while actually pursuing a policy much closer to that of the hawks than that of moderates like Gruening, Morse and Hatfield, who are doves only in caricature. (There is not a single person in any position of power to whom the "dove" label can be legitimately affixed.) Is Senator Case willing to absolve Mr. Johnson of making political capital of the war in Vietnam? If so, politics has lost all meaning.

Even by those who regard the Vietnamese War as jus-



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tified, there may—there should—be controversy about the manner in which it has been carried on. What about the lack of candor which is one of the President's unvaried techniques? What about the failure to seek the advice of the Senate? What about a dozen issues, such as the cat-and-mouse game Mr. Johnson has played with Hanoi, always pretending to be prepared to talk unconditionally, always laying down conditions and boosting the war another notch when Hanoi refused to comply? There are many issues short of unconditional withdrawal of American forces which would nevertheless justify a critical attitude toward the Johnson Administration's conduct of the war.

Nor is it possible to evaluate the actions to which Mr. Johnson has committed the United States in Southeast Asia without moving into broader areas of foreign policy. What American military power is doing in Vietnam, the horrors it has inflicted on the Vietnamese people, North and South, are not regarded in other parts of the world with the equanimity which Senator Case seems to consider appropriate. What about another phase of the war—the threat to China, and the danger that that unpredictable power will take an active part?

Mr. Johnson has pursued a desperate gamble. He set out to crush Communist power in Southeast Asia. His premise was that he could do so without bringing China into the war, and that he could emerge as a victorious war President before the 1968 campaign. As far as Mr. Case is concerned, Mr. Johnson is to be left free to sacrifice American and Vietnamese lives for his own ends, with no major opposition at home. A reactionary or opportunist Republican might well connive at such a policy, on the ground that it is never safe to oppose the Chief Executive during a war, declared or undeclared, justified or unjustified, honorable or dishonorable. But that stand ill becomes a Republican of Mr. Case's reputation for liberalism and good sense—and there is a good chance that it will prove to be poor politics as well.

## Plain Talk

"I believe that if we had kept and would keep our dirty, bloody, dollar-crooked fingers out of the business of these nations so full of depressed, exploited people, they will arrive at a solution of their own, that they design and want. That they fight and work for. And if unfortunately their revolution must be of the violent type because the 'haves' refuse to share with the 'have-nots' by any peaceful method, at least what they get will be their own and not the American style which they don't want and above all don't want crammed down their throats by Americans."

Who said it? A Communist? Hardly—there is no deduction from theory and the appeal is to nationalism rather than ideology. Could it be a university scholar? Not even the bluntest eggheads lay it on the line like

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that. An isolationist? If so, a peculiar kind: most isolationists want America to stay at home because we are superior and already have what we want, so why dissipate it abroad? There is in this speech an incongruous note of compassion and humility. How come?

Actually, the author is one of those *sui generis* types. He is Gen. David M. Shoup, former commandant of the Marine Corps, and winner of the Medal of Honor at Tarawa in World War II. He said it last May, in a speech at Pierce College in Los Angeles, and it was belatedly inserted in the *Congressional Record* by Sen. Vance Hartke (D., Ind.). Shoup said much more, such as that the whole of Southeast Asia, as related to the present and future safety and freedom of the people of the United States, is not worth the life or limb of a single American. Strange talk, and no doubt displeasing to the hawks in Congress and the Johnson Administration, but it is difficult to cast doubt on the patriotism of a military man, and doubly so when he has Shoup's record of gallantry and leadership.

Although he is certainly offbeat, Shoup is by no means the only independent-minded military man; for some reason there seem to be more of them among the Marines than in the other services. One recalls Gen. Smedley Butler, likewise a retired commandant of the Corps, who in the 1930s inveighed furiously against war and fascism and spoke at meetings arranged by people who, a couple of decades later, were hauled up before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. And then there was the gung-ho hero of World War II, Colonel and finally Brig. Gen. Evans F. Carlson, a Marine who might have put something of a crimp in the preparations for the cold war, if he had lived.

Of course most Marines are as hidebound as their fellows in the other services, but every now and then someone high in the Corps lets loose. With few exceptions, the press has ignored Shoup's speech; it is regarded as too hot to handle. It seems to be the product of an organization which has to be tougher when it fights than anybody else, and tougher also when it talks. Shoup should keep on talking.

## The 'Credibility Gap'

Besides denouncing the Vietnamese crusade, General Shoup had something to say about the "credibility gap." The feeling back home in Indiana, he said, was: "Why don't they just once try telling the truth first?" The real nature of the "gap" could not be better described. The phrase, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out in two first-class columns, is a polite euphemism for deception. It is a term of a kind that has never been needed in American government before, and its emergence is disquieting.

Lippmann recognizes a certain normal degree of tension between the President—any President—and the reporters. The reporters want to know more than the President finds it expedient to tell them; consequently there is always a degree of sparring. Normally, however, the reporters feel that the President wants to be as candid as his responsibilities will permit and that, though he may not tell them what they want to know, neither will he mislead them.

The relation between President Johnson and the White House press corps is significantly different. The reporters' distrust, Lippmann says, "is the result of a deliberate policy of artificial manipulation of official news." What Mr. Johnson wants is to obtain "consensus," or support of his policies by managing the news in his own political interest. He will give lip service to the idea of an independent press, but in everything he says and does he undermines one of the cornerstones of American society.

Will it work? To a certain extent, and for a time, it will. Those Americans who take a light view of their responsibilities as citizens of a democracy will go along with Mr. Johnson's maneuvers. It is much more comfortable to believe that the United States is engaged in a righteous war on behalf of the victims of aggression than to face the reality of aggression on our own part. When Mr. Johnson protests that he wants peace, and will go anywhere to negotiate, this section of the electorate will take him at his word, ignoring the fact that his actions constantly belie his words. But the more thoughtful citizens—and those who cannot reconcile themselves to the brutal application of national power, as by the Fascists in and before World War II and by the United States today—see through the Johnson rhetoric and are alienated. It is this bifurcation that accounts for the division in the academic community and the aversion that a majority of the more intelligent and sensitive people of the United States feel for Mr. Johnson's leadership. In the long run, inability to accept what the government says at face value must spread. Whatever Mr. Johnson gains at the moment will cost him dearly in the long run—and unfortunately not him alone. It may, as John Kenneth Galbraith has pointed out, lead to the ruin of the Democratic Party.

## The Big Spenders

The United States and the Soviet Union have no significant competition, either as arms suppliers or in keeping their own military strength at Gargantuan levels. Both countries are bursting with weapons. If they were half as generous with help for countries in need they would rank as the benefactors of mankind; as it is, they are a threat to its very existence.

Henry J. Kuss, Jr., the Pentagon's star salesman, estimates that his office accounted for $1.7 billion in armament sales during fiscal 1966; he predicts joyously that the armories of the "free world" will be doing a $10 billion export business after 1970. Less joyously, Prof. Emile Benoit of Columbia University has completed another of his studies of world "defense" spending, this one in collaboration with Harold Lubell of the Agency for International



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Development. The results are contained in *Disarmament and World Economic Interdependence*, edited by Professor Benoit and just published by Columbia University Press.

Even prior to the Vietnamese build-up, total world expenditure for military hardware and personnel was running at $133 billion a year. This was the figure for 1964-65; it is probably in the neighborhood of $145 billion today. At the time of the survey, U.S. military spending was at the rate of $51 billion a year, while the Soviet program was budgeted at $42 billion. Thus, between them, the two leaders accounted for 70 per cent of the world arms spending—for their domestic requirements alone.

The rest of the field was strung out far in the rear. By the West, Red China is pictured as a ferocious giant poised to spring on its neighbors, but Professor Benoit credits the Chinese with a military budget of less than $5 billion, about the same as that of the United Kingdom. Despite its *force de frappe*, France spends only $3 billion a year. There is no getting away from the Benoit-Lubell conclusion that the military wealth of the United States and the USSR "probably gives an ineradicably bipolar structure to the arms race, despite the loosening of alliances and military blocs."

Not all the billions swallowed up by the arms race are pure waste. Something under $40 billion goes for pay and support of personnel. They would have to be fed, clothed and housed in any case, although they might be doing something useful in return for their wages. And, except from an unrealistic viewpoint, allowance must be made for forces required for internal security and the estimated cost of a world peace-keeping force. All such deductions, however, still leave a net burden of more than $70 billion, which is estimated to be nine times as large as the total capital flow, public and private, in the form of grants, loans and other transfers, from the developed to the less developed countries.

For their part, the latter manage to divert $1 billion a year from their meager resources to weapons spending. For example, *The Economist* (March 25) reports that Somalia, with a population of 2 to 3 million, supports an army of at least 25,000 men and is said to have recently received from the Soviet Union 150 MIG fighter-bombers, 20 helicopters, and enough T-34 tanks to make up an armored brigade. Somalia's uneasy neighbor, Ethiopia, has received more U.S. military aid than all the other countries of Africa put together. On the other side of the Red Sea, the troubled lands of the Arabian peninsula (Aden is a particularly hot spot at the moment) are likewise beneficiaries of Soviet military assistance in one camp, Anglo-American in the other. Thus the two leaders in the bipolar structure may find themselves at each other's throats should a pair of unmanageable satellites decide to fight it out in some remote corner of the world. And the more the superpowers spend, on themselves and on their vassals, the greater the peril to all alike.

## News from the North

In all the cities south of the Great Lakes, it is a newspaper axiom that Canada is not news. Except for the exploits of its hockey teams, and seasonal feature stories in the travel sections, the fortunes of the nation with which we share our longest boundary go unrecorded, and Canada remains for most of us the land of the Mounties and the Dionne Quintuplets.

That this is a one-sided indifference is demonstrated by C. W. Gonick in this issue (p. 489); the Canadians care quite intensely about what the United States is up to, and increasingly they are determined that it shall not be at their expense. Prof. Edward J. Miles, director of Canadian Studies at the University of Vermont, put it neatly in a comment quoted by *Time*: "Most Canadians have considerable if malevolent knowledge of the United States. Most Americans have a benevolent ignorance of Canada."

This year, the southward flow of news (and the northward flow of tourists) will be considerably increased by Expo 67 at Montreal. But world's fairs are essentially non-events, and though Canada's jamboree looks to be more substantial and rewarding than most it is unlikely to produce a permanent increase of traffic in ideas across the border.

A more optimistic sign is Harvard's recently announced chair of Canadian studies, founded with an endowment by Canadian and American businessmen. It is the first such chair in the United States, where as of now only thirty-seven of the more than 2,000 colleges and universities offer courses in Canadian history. The evolution of Canada into a modern democracy parallels, but intriguingly differs from, the experience of the United States. Its continued association with the British crown for one thing, and its bilingual culture for another, have produced unique characteristics. Only the most complacent insularity can see it as a suburb of its southern neighbor.

And now that we are to have a chair of Canadian studies (there should be many imitators of Harvard's example), we should apply ourselves to finding an adjectival form of "United States" and desist from usurping the name "American," to the dismay of our Canadian and Mexican neighbors.

## Beard Phobia

It is being rumored in the country's bohemias that Expo 67 will not welcome visiting youths who wear beards and anti-Establishment buttons, and the opening move to keep the midway noncontroversial for mom, dad and the kids may have been the harassment last month in Calgary of the San Francisco Mime Troupe. Hippies, it may be presumed, will get the message that Canada is no Casbah.

The disaffiliated group from California had been engaged to perform their now celebrated *Minstrel Show, or: Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel* at the University of



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Calgary. However, before the show could go on, the stage of the Student Union was pulled from under the actors, and three of them were arrested on the charge of possessing marijuana. An envelope containing twigs of something was allegedly found in the suitcase of one of them; for the other two, evidence was obtained by analyzing the dust found in the seams of their jacket pockets.

No one suggests that anyone was smoking pot, and the question that immediately arises is whether there was a connection between the contents of the actors' belongings and the content of their production. Would a company touring in, say, *Our Town* have stimulated the Canadian police to a similarly zealous examination of luggage and wearing apparel?

As so often happens when democracies play at Gestapo, this incident had its funny side: the police swooped down on the student union, where a protest meeting had been in progress, and seized six members of the faculty who, being bearded, were thought to be mimers. The professors were quickly released, but the display of authoritarianism in Calgary was distasteful and will not be dismissed so easily. Canadians are forever bewailing the infiltration of Yankee culture; they might begin resisting it by refusing to succumb to our terror of youths who are unshaven and ideas that are not endorsed by the American Legion. Bigotry is a much more dangerous import than Coca-Cola.

## Bugging the Press

A newspaper advertisement for *The Saturday Evening Post* promoted the top article in a recent issue with a startling black line, "I Spy on Jackie Kennedy." The advertisement explained that "a badgering press and curious public have made harassing Jackie Kennedy a year-round international sport." To the unsuspecting reader this approach had a sympathetic, almost protective, sound. However, the *Post* has joined the Jackie Kennedy-watching sport with its own wolf-pack vengeance.

In a full-page, carefully numbered map, the editors divulge "Jackie Kennedy's Manhattan." An accompanying chart clearly locates with specific addresses Mrs. Kennedy's apartment, office, hairdresser, gym, bridle path; it pinpoints where she eats when she goes out, where she shops, where her relatives live, and where she worships. A thorough job, the map even spots Caroline's school, John's school, John's barber, the children's playground and their Good Humor man.

CONSTANTINE POULOS

BENEVOLENT COERCION

# NEW YORK'S DOPE NOSTRUM

**ANTHONY PRISENDORF**
*Mr. Prisendorf is a reporter on the New York* Post.

Since 1952, when New York City finally realized that the police alone could no longer cope with the social problem of drug addiction, incalculable sums of money and manpower have been spent on the losing battle. What was seen in the mid-1940s as exclusively a law-enforcement problem is today the elusive quarry for no fewer than thirty-four well-meaning public, private and voluntary agencies, all striving—often competitively—to rehabilitate the city's 35,000 known addicts. The results are disheartening. One city hospital's recent follow-up study of "cured" addicts is characteristic: of 147 patients who could be located two years after their release from voluntary treatment, 91 per cent had returned to their daily habits; only 24 per cent had managed to stay "clean" for the first six months. The follow-up studies at the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Ky., are still more depressing: 83 per cent of those released are back on drugs within six months.

That drug addiction has grown in New York to menacing proportions is scarcely news, but even so, the responsibility of addicts for contemporary crime rates is frequently exaggerated. In a special message to the state legislature on February 23, 1966, Governor Rockefeller asserted: "The problem of addiction to narcotics is at the heart of the crime problem in New York State. Narcotics addicts are responsible for one-half of the crimes committed in New York City alone." A year before that, the New York County Medical Society reported that "drug users account for up to 22.4 per cent of various crime categories involving property," and that "drug users were implicated in only 1.2 per cent of crimes against persons." According to the city's police department, addicts in 1966 committed 12.7 per cent of the felonies against property, and 2 per cent of those against persons.

The discrepancies in the crime statistics may have escaped the state legislators, but the impact of the Governor's special message did not. Thoroughly convinced that the only solution lay in an all-out "war on crime and narcotics addiction," the bipartisan legislature overwhelmingly passed last spring a massive $233 million narcotics rehabilitation program. The cardinal provision of this "campaign for human renewal," which went into effect on April 1, mandates the involuntary commitment of addicts in state institutions for periods up to five years.

Technically, Governor Rockefeller's program is a revision of the state's Metcalf-Volker Law, a pioneering measure enacted in 1962 (also an election year for the Governor). Under that law, addicts charged with minor crimes could choose medical treatment in state hospitals



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instead of facing trial and prison. If the addict successfully completed the rehabilitation program, the criminal charges, held in abeyance, were dropped. The efficacy of this ambitious program was limited at best. Less than one-third of those eligible for civil commitment sought it in 1963. By the following year, the percentage had dropped to one out of four. Of the 615 addicts committed during the first two years, 13 per cent escaped. Almost three-quarters of the first 500 addicts released after treatment disappeared from the after-care programs to which they had been assigned. And, as of October, 1964, only 28 per cent of the addicts accepted for treatment completed hospitalization and after care in a manner to justify dismissing the criminal charges. On May 10, 1966, Governor Rockefeller admitted to a U.S. Senate subcommittee on criminal law and procedures: "Experience under the state's Metcalf-Volker Act of 1962 has shown that the choice offered addicts accused of a crime under this humanitarian legislation has allowed too many of them to choose a short stay in prison and an early return to narcotics when their real need is for treatment."

What the Governor could not have been expected to report was that the state program was ill equipped to offer a legitimate option to the 14,000 addicts arrested every year. During the four years that the Metcalf-Volker Act was enforced, the Rockefeller administration was providing a total of 705 beds for treatment in eight hospitals. Moreover, a bill appropriating the necessary funds to implement the law was allowed to die in legislative committee. Two years ago, Dr. Donald B. Louria, later appointed chairman of the Governor's Council on Drug Addiction, gave his reasons why the Metcalf-Volker program languished: "Follow-up clinic facilities are inadequate, in-patient psychotherapy is at best superficial, and the percentage of patients lost either by escape or lost from follow-up is inordinately high."

The solution to the problem of drug addiction, as Governor Rockefeller sees it, "is to eliminate this major cause of crime by *preventing* [his italics] those who have not resorted to crime from doing so, and those engaged in crime from repeating their acts. . . ." Accordingly, his new program concentrates on the following two categories:

(1) *The convicted addict.* Any defendant arrested for possession of drugs or the paraphernalia for administering them must submit involuntarily to a medical examination. If determined an addict, the defendant, at the time of his conviction in court, will be remanded to the state's new five-member Narcotics Addiction Control Commission to begin a compulsory three-year program. After October 1 of this year, an addict convicted of *any* misdemeanor or prostitution (the police say that 80 per cent of the city's prostitutes are addicts) must undergo a three-year treatment program. At the judge's discretion, convicted addict-felons may be imprisoned under the state's Penal Law, or committed to five years of rehabilitation.

(2) *The noncriminal addict.* Under the Metcalf-Volker Law, only next of kin could apply to the courts for the involuntary commitment of a noncriminal addict. Further, the old law authorized the state's Department of Mental Hygiene, which administered the program, to assign a noncriminal addict to a maximum treatment period of ninety days. The Rockefeller program authorizes "anyone," including policemen, to petition the courts for a warrant to take a "suspected" addict into custody for a medical examination. If the suspect is found to be an addict, he will be "sentenced" to a three-year rehabilitation period.

The Rockefeller plan has confused rehabilitation with retribution. In the case of a convicted addict, the gravity of the crime, not his condition, determines the length of forced confinement. Moreover, implicit in the new narcotics law is the groundless assumption that a felon's habit will take almost twice as long to cure as that of an addict convicted of a misdemeanor. Even so, at first glance, the quasi-criminal approach inherent in the state's compulsory commitment program seems attractive. It may reassure edgy New Yorkers that 50 per cent of the city's "criminal element" is being swept from the streets and parks. However, in its fervor to eradicate drug addiction and the attendant ills, the state comes dangerously close to tramping on the constitutional rights of "suspected" noncriminal addicts. In the name of order and tranquillity, critics maintain, the legislature has denied liberty and, more important, "due process of law" to a substantial segment of the state's population. Probably the most articulate presentation of this argument was made on March 8, 1966, by Henry M. diSuvero, former staff counsel to the New York Civil Liberties Union, and now executive director of its New Jersey chapter. Testifying before the state Assembly's committee on health, which was holding preliminary hearings on the Rockefeller program, diSuvero said: "The basic proposition underlying the Governor's proposal is that addicts are dangerous to others. Because they are dangerous, they must be removed from society, and certified to places where they can inflict no harm. The fallacy in this is that absent from any other evidence, addiction, standing alone, is no proof of dangerousness. To deny a person liberty, to confine him for a period up to three years, when he may not constitute any threat at all to society, should shock the conscience of anyone dedicated to freedom."

The arguments advanced by diSuvero parallel a landmark decision by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1962. In *Robinson* v. *California,* the court struck down as unconstitutional a statute of the California Health and Safety Code, making it a criminal offense to "be addicted to the use of narcotics." However, in that same case, the court went on to say in less lucid terms that ". . . in the interest of the general health or welfare of its inhabitants, a state might establish a program of compulsory treatment for those addicted to narcotics. Such a program of treatment might require periods of involuntary confinement. And penal sanctions might be imposed for failure to comply with established compulsory treatment procedures."

While advocates of a compulsory commitment program feel certain that the court's authorization is implicit in the above passage, others, particularly constitutional lawyers, are less positive. As one points out: "In *Robinson,* the commitment issue, with all of its manifold ramifications, was not before the court." Then, too, there is



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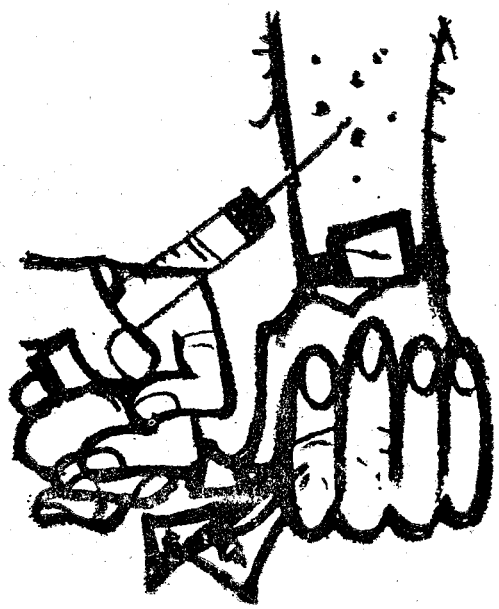
an analogy between Governor Rockefeller's forced confinement of noncriminal addicts and the federal government's internment of the Nisei (citizens of Japanese-American background) during World War II. The Supreme Court ruled in 1944 that "compulsory exclusion of large groups of citizens from their homes, except under circumstances of direst emergency and peril, is inconsistent with our basic institutions." Whether Governor Rockefeller's "war on crime and narcotics addiction"



fulfills those demanding criteria is a question for constitutional scrutiny.

Yet no one genuinely concerned about drug addiction in New York denies for a moment that the more fundamental question to be resolved is whether involuntary commitment works. Any preliminary appraisal of Governor Rockefeller's approach must also recognize that a considerable body of medical opinion on addiction questions the wisdom of forced confinement. Typical of this professional disenchantment are the observations made two years ago by Dr. Marie Nyswander, a former staff member at Lexington. For the past seven years, Dr. Nyswander, a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, has been working with addicts in East Harlem, and has helped popularize the use of methadone, a long-lasting synthetic substitute for heroin. "I hope that we don't have to go through another thirty years of failure to find out that civil commitment is not *the* answer," she was quoted as saying in *The New Yorker*. "More and more people are coming to admit that imprisonment, with or without medical treatment, doesn't work. But civil commitment with medical treatment is still, in most cases, compulsion. Often, the first thing an addict will do when he gets out of jail is to take a shot so he can feel like a human being again instead of an outcast who has been quarantined. I'm afraid that if an addict is forced into a hospital before he's ready to get off drugs, the same thing will happen."

To be sure, Dr. Nyswander does not speak for all of her colleagues. At present, a more prevalent attitude among professionals—and politicians—is that addicts cannot be rehabilitated unless they are first isolated from their environment. To dramatize the positive correlation between environment and addiction, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy says that 75 per cent of the nation's addicts come from the lowest 20 per cent income group. Moreover, say the professionals, many addicts are not "sufficiently motivated" to commit themselves to the long-term programs necessary for rehabilitation. Consequently, like the victims of any contagious disease, they must be quarantined.

Debate over forms of treatment often breaks down into intermural backbiting. The most perplexing problem besetting addiction rehabilitation programs, at least in New York, is not a lack of funds or manpower but rather a degree of professional rivalry that has obscured the objectives. Each organization—private, public or voluntary—is unalterably convinced that it alone is pursuing the true path. Halfway houses, such as Daytop Lodge and the Synanon Foundation, maintain that only the addict, with close supervision and guidance, can rehabilitate himself, and that no amount of coercion or confinement will instill the proper motivation. Others, notably Governor Rockefeller's partisans, contend that while this approach may work successfully with relatively small numbers of addicts, the contemplated wholesale rehabilitation of 35,000 addicts demands a more drastic and, consequently, a less personal philosophy. Still others, such as the Health Research Council of New York City, subscribe to the Supreme Court's 1962 declaration that "a drug addict is a sick person, physically and psychologically. . . ." If diabetics must have insulin, this group reasons, why shouldn't addicts, who are equally dependent on medical sustenance, receive maintenance dosages of synthetic drugs like methadone. Apart from the physiological benefits, the council says, the city-wide, regulated distribution of a synthetic drug would all but eliminate the number of crimes addicts must commit to support their costly habits. Law-enforcement officials pretty much agree that a heroin addict in New York City has to sell about $36,500 worth of stolen merchandise a year to the fences in order to pay for his drugs.

Unlike the others, the council and the research groups it represents do not feel constrained to defend their program at every turn; the statistics do that quite well. Since 1963, the council, a city-subsidized but independent agency, has accepted 383 addicts into its methadone program. Thirty have been expelled or have dropped out. Of the remaining 350, all receiving methadone regularly, 78 per cent are working steadily or are in school. By contrast, California's seven-year compulsory commitment program, bolstered by intensive after care, reports that an average of 69 per cent of those released resume their drug habits within a year.

Despite the accomplishments demonstrated by the council and similar groups, New York State, like all others, has refused to acknowledge that methadone projects have advanced beyond the research stage. Undoubtedly this provincial thinking has been influenced by the U.S. Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics, which firmly believes that drug addiction is part of a sinister Communist China plot to take over the United States.



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In a 1964 booklet discussing the prevention and control of addiction, the bureau points out that before Japan invaded China in the 1930s, "it flooded the intended victims with free or low-cost narcotic drugs with the intention of reducing the willingness or capacity for resistance. Today Red China is guilty of similar strategy by pouring narcotics into countries the Red Chinese hope to weaken." Even more absurd is the bureau's puritanical notion that addiction is anti-social, criminal behavior that must not be raised to the dignity of a disease. Consequently, the bureau has relentlessly harassed doctors who prescribe drugs for addicted patients, a campaign of terrorism that flies in the face of a 1925 Supreme Court ruling that was supposed to protect doctors. In view of the rigid, 19th-century federal techniques for dealing with addiction, it is not at all difficult to understand why state officials are reluctant to broaden by innovation and experimentation the latitude of rehabilitation programs.

It was only logical, therefore, that New York State's Narcotics Addiction Control Commission would choose, or more accurately settle for, the most convenient course of action. Drawing from a $75 million capital expense fund, the commission has acquired sites for ten rehabilitation centers in New York City—unwanted hospitals, nursing homes, a YMCA in Brooklyn, even a bankrupt river-front motel in Manhattan. But community opposition, stemming from fear of widespread "patient" escapes and, more important, a sputtering personnel recruitment drive, have delayed the centers' openings. On March 19, just twelve days before the compulsory commitment program was to go into effect, the commission's chairman, Lawrence W. Pierce, conceded that although seventy doctors had expressed an interest in the program, not one had been hired to work full time. Moreover, the project has no full-time psychiatrists, a situation that the commission appears to regard as relatively insignificant. Thus in a television interview, Pierce said: "I do think it's true that we're not likely to wind up with very many full-time psychiatrists, but that's not to say we're going to need psychiatrists full time. If we can engage fifteen and twenty hours of the time of psychiatrists, and get enough to give us that amount of time, we can meet our needs." Pierce's interest in psychiatry grew when he was faced with the disquieting prospect that without full-time psychiatrists, the state program might not qualify for Medicare subsidies.

Embarking on a relatively unexplored tack in the frustrating work of rehabilitating drug addicts is as uncertain as the acoustics of a new philharmonic hall. No amount of informed prognosis or conjecture can match actual performance. If the Rockefeller program does succeed, it will have New York City to thank. Recognizing that the Governor's pre-campaign zeal had outstripped his state's capacity to perform, city officials agreed to accept the first 2,000 of the 8,400 criminal and noncriminal addicts the commission expects to treat during the next twelve months. The city's facilities (on Riker's Island in the East River) are large enough and remote enough to keep the Governor's program going while the state scrambles for suitable treatment centers.

Despite the Supreme Court's unmistakably clear ruling in 1925 that doctors may prescribe drugs "for relief of conditions incident to addiction," the country has failed to come to grips with the problem. Instead, it has clung desperately to the hoary belief that addiction is a criminal problem, to be solved through stiffer punishment. Much of the same suspicion and ignorance that supported the Bedlam approach to mental illness permeates the federal government's official policy today. Until the government, and in particular, the Bureau of Narcotics, takes the initiative and recognizes addiction as a public health problem, too many rehabilitation programs will continue to be nothing better than thinly disguised punitive solutions. And yet a century of evidence proves that the "criminalization" of addicts doesn't work.

RESENTFUL PARTNER

# CANADA FIGHTS ITS ORBIT

**C. W. GONICK**

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*Winnipeg*

No other country in the world is as dependent—economically, militarily, culturally and psychologically — on another country as is Canada upon the United States. Canadians have been able to live comfortably with this arrangement for many generations, thus reflecting the moderation, compromise and conciliation which have ever characterized their country, but there are signs that the period of accommodation is coming to an end.

Canada is undergoing a new wave of nationalism. It is not, nor can it be, a strident nationalism based on past achievement and glory; for the blunt fact is that Canada does not have a glorious past. Nor does it have a fully conscious present. It is still divided into two distinct cultures, English and French, and the ostensibly "English" still tend to identify as much with an ethnic group (Ukrainian, German, Italian, Jewish) or with a region (the Prairies, the Maritimes, British Columbia) as with Canada. By and large, the English Canadian intellectual elite abhor nationalism. They are celebrators of the Canadian mosaic, priding themselves on their cosmopolitanism, on living in a land of many cultures, a country that neither waves its flag nor glorifies its heroes.

Nor is the new nationalism embodied effectively in Canadian politics. The major parties are badly split on the question of relations with the United States. None has



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been able to mobilize nationalist sentiment or to offer credible programs for Canadian independence. The advocates of integration with the United States — what is called "continentalism"— are much better organized and have formed more powerful alliances among politicians, business leaders, academics and trade union leaders than have their more numerous opposition.

The new Canadian nationalism combines a distaste for what the United States has become, obsessively consumptionist at home and obsessively anti-Communist and militarist abroad, with a strong desire to halt the absorption of Canada into the Great Society. Vietnam has been a powerful catalyst. In the past eighteen months large numbers of Canadians have developed a profound sense of horror at what white, affluent, liberal America is doing there, and an urgent desire to end Canada's complicity in the war.

Nationalism is expressed in a number of ways: in the speeches of Walter Gordon, "Chief Nationalist" (probably sole nationalist) in the Liberal Party; in the editorials of the one nationalist newspaper, the Toronto *Daily Star*; in the "moderate program for Canadian independence" being put forward by the New Democratic Party; in *Canadian Dimension*, the leading Left-independence publication, and in conferences like the one recently sponsored by *Dimension*, "Canada and the American Empire." But by and large nationalist sentiment, especially strong among the young, remains unmobilized. It awaits leadership and organization—in short, a movement for Canadian independence.

## Response to Aggression

The thrust of Canadian history has been commonly viewed as a series of measured responses to the threat of aggression or the quest for annexation from the United States. Today there is no question of military attack or political annexation. Instead, a kind of secular absorption is gradually swallowing Canada into the American empire. When threats of invasion or annexation were real, the Canadian people responded vigorously. Often the response took the form of giant economic projects like the first trans-Canada railway system, which was seen as a means of welding a national economy whose trading links were primarily east-west rather than north-south. The territorial integrity of the nation-state was preserved.

However, at the same time that Canada's borders were being jealously protected, business and government were actively wooing American capital to develop Canadian resources and to establish subsidiary manufacturing operations across the line. By the 1920s American industry had established a large corporate base in Canada. In 1926 U.S. corporations accounted for 30 per cent of all assets in Canadian manufacturing industries and 28 per cent of all assets in Canadian mining and smelting industries. By the mid-1960s the U.S. multi-national corporation had become predominant in virtually all nonagricultural, nonfinancial sectors of the Canadian economy; it now controls almost 60 per cent of the manufacturing sector, 70 per cent of petroleum and natural gas, and 60 per cent of all mining and smelting. Along with the growth of American capital in Canada and its penetration and predominance in all the dynamic sectors of the economy, a steadily increasing trade dependence has developed: approximately 70 per cent of Canada's international trade is conducted with the United States, and almost a third of Canada's production of goods is exported there.

These corporate and trade links make Canada a regional economy, part of a continental economy, rather than an integral national economy. The Canadian economy cannot evade a depression emanating from the United States; the current dose of inflation is clearly brought about by the excessive continental demand generated by war. The function of Canada as a region within the continental economy is to supply staple commodities as substitutes for the increasingly depleted resources of the United States. American corporate ownership in Canada generates and perpetuates this branch-plant economy: resource industry is developed to supply U.S. industry with raw materials; manufacturing industry is developed to supply the limited domestic market.

Because Canada has become a satellite to the American metropolis, the Canadian Government lacks the leverage to direct the economy along a path divergent from that of the United States. Its function is to adjust to the changes occurring in the United States as smoothly and efficiently as possible; to introduce measures which parallel the policy initiatives of Washington.

## Confrontations of Power

Canadians celebrate their centennial this year with grave self-doubts and frustrations. The nation has become so deeply penetrated by the American metropolis that the possibility of independence appears doubtful and the cost of independence stupendous. Nevertheless, the conflicts which inevitably grow out of an empire-like economic relationship are attracting increased public attention and generating further indignation, and the political parties can scarcely continue to ignore an agitation that so preoccupies the electorate. The signs indicate that independence will play a major role in the next general election. Indeed, not since the 1890s has concern over Canada-U.S. relations so dominated public affairs.

There have been a number of confrontations between Ottawa and Washington in recent years. The federal election of 1963 was fought largely on whether Canada was obliged to accept U.S. nuclear-tipped Bomarc missiles; a year or so later, *Time* and *Reader's Digest* were exempted from advertising restrictions placed on Canadian editions of American magazines; Gen. Maxwell Taylor has publicly complained of Canada's failure to participate in the Vietnamese War; Canadian subsidiaries of American flour-milling companies have refused to accept orders for shipment to Cuba; Ford of Canada would not sell trucks to China; Canadian subsidiaries of American drug companies refused to sell to the Quakers medical supplies for Hanoi.

It is impossible in this space to review the details of all these intrusions into Canadian sovereignty, but the explosive confrontation early this year over the Mercantile Bank may be cited as typical of the forces and factors involved. Three years ago, National City Bank took over the Mercantile Bank of Canada, a small Netherlands-



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Macpherson, Toronto Star

*"We Got Us a New House Rule, Stranger!"*

owned concern that specialized in business connected with foreign trade, proposing to use its new subsidiary to engage in a general banking business across Canada. At the time of the take-over, Finance Minister Walter Gordon warned James Rockefeller, chairman of the board of National City, that the Canadian Government disapproved of the transaction and that restrictive legislation was likely. Such legislation was subsequently presented to Parliament, and has been the basis of two vigorous U.S. State Department diplomatic notes. The controversial clause restricts non-Canadian holdings in any chartered bank to 25 per cent, and limits to 10 per cent the holdings of any shareholder. If either of these provisions is violated, the foreign-owned bank is prohibited from increasing its assets to more than twenty times its authorized capital. Mercantile now violates both provisions, and its assets already exceed the limit. The government's main concern over Mercantile is that, left to expand without limits, it could quickly become one of Canada's largest banks and would be in a position to disregard monetary policy laid down by the Bank of Canada, since, unlike the Canadian-owned chartered banks, it would have access to funds from the United States.

The State Department argues that the legislation is being applied retroactively to National City, but its real concern is that it might set a precedent for similar curbs to American corporate interests in other parts of the world. It hinted at two types of sanctions: the imposition of restrictions on Canadian exports to the United States and the cancellation of the right now granted to Canadian chartered banks to maintain agencies in American cities, especially New York. Five of Canada's chartered banks operate agencies there and, unlike U.S. banks, are not limited in the interest they can pay. They now handle nearly half the lucrative call-loan business on Wall Street, with assets between $1.6 billion and $2.0 billion.

The State Department and Mercantile mounted a vigorous campaign to thwart the legislation, and they found a strategic group of Canadian allies. Canadian chartered banks were approached by the American Embassy and warned of the retaliatory measures. They responded by pleading with the government to "let Mercantile into the club." Their associates on the daily press saw the point and gave support to the cause. Mercantile also found allies in Sen. Louis Gelinas and A. T. Seedhouse, two of its Canadian directors. Mr. Seedhouse is also president of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company, half of whose new business is being underwritten today in the United States.

It now appears that all this effort has paid off. Two vital concessions have been offered National City. It will be allowed to retain a 25 per cent interest in the Mercantile Bank of Canada. This privilege—denied to all other investors, Canadian or foreign, who can own no more than 10 per cent of the stock in the other chartered banks—assures National City of effective control over Mercantile even after it sells the remaining 75 per cent of the stock to Canadians. The second concession gives National City five years to dispose of the 75 per cent, during which period Mercantile is free to expand its business without limit. This provision suspends the drastic restriction imposed on banks that have more than 25 per cent of their shares owned by foreign interests.

The short-term effects of this arrangement on Canadian monetary policy are overshadowed by the precedent it sets for future efforts of Canadian governments to restrict foreign control of industry. As a rare nationalist newspaper editorial put it: "Just be bull-headed and unyielding and have Washington bring pressure on your behalf and the Canadians will water down the offending regulation—that is the lesson likely to be drawn."

## The Continental Elite

The destiny of Canadian business leaders is so bound up with the American economy and with the continued and expanding presence of the American corporation in Canada that they can do little but support the American multi-national corporation against Canadian nationalists. Giant Canadian-owned corporations often have their own subsidiary companies in the United States; for many of them, sales and profits depend entirely on the American market. Canadian business leaders sit on the boards of U. S.-affiliated companies and representatives of American business sit on the boards of giant Canadian-owned companies.

The most active association working to further the integration of the two economies is the Canadian-American Committee, established in 1957 "to study problems arising from growing interdependence between Canada and the United States." Its major function has been the financing of a large number of "objective research studies in various aspects of Canadian-American relations." When the studies prove favorable to the committee's point of view, they are published. The committee also issues policy statements signed by its members. The work of the committee has proved of utmost importance for the Americanization of Canada. First, it is the only ongoing research institute studying aspects of the Canadian-U.S. economy, and the only nonpolitical



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organization that regularly issues statements on Canadian trade and investment policy; second, its sponsors include an impressive array of Canadian business leaders, Canadian trade unionists (almost all of whom are connected with Canadian branches of international trade unions), presidents of large Canadian universities and various other prominent Canadian figures. The committee has sixty members, thirty in each country.

Another group, The Canadian Trade Committee, was set up in 1961 to specialize in Canadian trade problems and policies. Its members are constituted in the same way as the Canadian-American Committee and like it are sponsored by the National Planning Association (U.S.A.) and the Private Planning Association of Canada.

The underlying assumption of all the studies and policy statements issued by both committees is that continentalism is both good and necessary for Canada. Indeed, a number of the reports are clearly aimed at "proving" that there is no alternative. One study, for example, attempts to demonstrate that "economic planning" is not feasible in Canada; another that there can never be large-scale trade between Canada and the Communist nations. In the winter of 1965, the Canadian-American Committee presented its most daring proposal: a free trade area between the two countries.

In addition to the research financed by these groups, the Ford Foundation has been actively subsidizing research on Canada-U.S. relations. The most important study it has financed is the recently published *Foreign Ownership of Canadian Industry* by E. A. Safarian. It would appear from the monotony of the continental refrain that economists are unanimous on the question. That is not so, but research funds are not available for economists who do not accept, a priori, the necessity for continentalism. Even the Canada Council, a government-sponsored agency which distributes funds to the arts and the social sciences, regularly turns down requests for support of any study on Canada-U.S. relations which may take a critical position.

## The Price of Independence

None of Canada's major political parties has put forward a program which can halt the American absorption of Canada or provide the basis for an independent political economy. The American way of life is not despised by Canadian political leaders, as it might be by European. By and large, it conforms to their own notion of a liberal democratic, free-enterprise society. In any case, since they have no different vision of society to put in its place, they will not take vigorous measures to counter the infiltration of American culture and values.

Some leaders may disapprove of America's role as the world's policeman and deplore specific actions—the landing of Marines in Santo Domingo, the bombing of North Vietnam, the Bay of Pigs fiasco, the attempt to isolate China in the councils of the world. But most of them see the world as do their American counterparts and feel grateful to the United States for "protecting us from the evils of international communism." The minority that is troubled by American foreign policy is not eager to display its disapproval openly and loudly because, it argues, quiet diplomacy is the better way. It is doubtful, though, that this view is held with real conviction; too many American politicians and commentators have urged that Canada will have some influence on U.S. policy only if it kicks up a real fuss. Basically, they all believe that Canada must have access to American investment; otherwise, the living standard of its people will drop drastically (Prime Minister Pearson has suggested a fall of 30 per cent).

That is why they are so impatient with the mavericks within the ranks, like Walter Gordon. Gordon is concerned that Canada is not getting all that it might from the North American economic structure. He would strengthen Canada's bargaining position within the continentalist system, to win for the country a greater share of the continental pie. The Canadian legislature has passed one of his proposals—tax incentives to encourage American subsidiaries to sell shares to Canadians—and he is advocating a government-sponsored trust fund that would buy up Canadian firms which would otherwise be sold to Americans. While Minister of Finance he put forward and then was forced to withdraw legislation to place a stiff tax on sales of Canadian business to foreigners.

Because Canadian business is worried that Gordon's exploits will scare away American capital, anger the American State Department and, incidentally, bring more government control into the Canadian economy—and because they are content with their present share of the continental pie—they would like nothing better than that he should quit politics altogether. And Gordon was about to do just that, after being thoroughly isolated in his own party, when he was suddenly invited back to sit in the Liberal cabinet. He may lack support among the ranks of business or even in his own party, but he has a certain appeal among the youth of Canada and among the intellectuals. Without him, it appeared that the "left wing" of the Liberal Party might collapse and that the New Democratic Party would pick up this support.

The New Democratic Party, moderately Socialist, has been making rapid headway in the past few years, and the latest public opinion polls (Gallup, of course) show it to be second in popularity. In the past six months the leadership of the NDP has announced that the party now regards Canada's lack of independence as the primary issue facing the Canadian people. But there remains some doubt as to how much energy the NDP is prepared to devote to it, and how effective it could be in mobilizing nationalist strength. Judging from its performance in Parliament and in the provincial legislatures, and from the speeches of its leaders across the country, the party appears to be weighed down with its concerns from the past—pensions, medicare and the other paraphernalia of the welfare state—and with fighting off the Socialist image of its predecessor, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF). Moreover, an important strain of anti-nationalism in the NDP regards the concern over Canadian independence as reactionary and anachronistic. This group will most often identify with liberal Democrats of the Humphrey, Fulbright, Paul Douglas, Kennedy variety, and though opposed to some



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of the methods used to carry out United States foreign policy, is in no way opposed to its principles.

The NDP is closely tied to the Canadian trade union movement. Affiliated locals provide membership dues to the party, and some of the large unions lend organizers to the provincial parties during and sometimes between campaigns. Well over three-quarters of the labor movement in English Canada is organized into branches of international trade unions with headquarters in the United States. The increasing dependence of the NDP on the trade union movement can have no effect other than to dampen the party's enthusiasm for a platform which places prime emphasis on independence.

## Conference on Empire

One of the more hopeful signs that independence is on the agenda for political action was the successful "Canada and the American Empire Conference," held in Montreal on the weekend of March 3 to 5. Sponsored by the magazine, *Canadian Dimension,* the conference was designed to clear away some of the confusions and misconceptions that surround the question of continentalism in Canada; to bring together that small group of critical intellectuals who have actually done some research on the imperial relationship, and to gauge the temper of *Dimension* readers on the question of Canadian independence. It was an important event because it was the first conference ever devoted to an examination of this question.

With publicity largely restricted to the magazine's readership (somewhat greater proportionately than *The Nation*'s circulation in the United States), the three-day conference nevertheless attracted some 300 persons. At least 80 per cent were under 40; about half were students. Many academics came from universities in Ontario and Quebec, and there was a scattering of labor officials, especially from the Canadian-based national trade unions. Aside from a few Liberals, Progressive Conservatives, political neutrals and New Leftists, the participants were largely New Democrats.

A measure of the occasion's success was that it never became bogged down in the French-English debate. That conflict has infused itself into most political questions in Canada and has wrecked various attempts to establish national political movements. But one of the speakers, Jacques-Yvon Morin, made it clear that "Canada has value for the majority of the French Canadians only insofar as it constitutes a protection for their culture; at the moment when it fails to provide this protection, it ceases to have any meaning." Morin, prominent on the faculty of the University of Montreal, and president of the newly reconvened Estates General of Quebec, warned that "if ever French Canada decided to integrate itself in the majority . . . it would probably go all the way and join the United States." French Canadians must regain their cultural rights in all areas of Canada; they must have confidence in the continued existence of an English Canada which would be distinct from the United States, and Quebec must be granted special status within confederation. This position was widely accepted by the other participants, but it overlooks one crucial question: in a two-state Canada, will the central government be strong enough to counter the forces of continental integration? It was a shortcoming of the conference that this question was never raised.

A major task of the conference was to define the content of Canadian nationalism. Fear of nationalism as it has been manifest elsewhere in the world is one of the major sources of moderation among Canada's young intellectuals—this moderation that "will be the death of us," as somebody observed. The task of definition was undertaken by Gad Horowitz of McGill University. It was not difficult to show that fears of Pan-Canadian nationalism are largely misplaced. "Canadian nationalism does not lead to Auschwitz; it simply leads away from Washington." Horowitz was less sanguine about the mutually antagonistic chauvinisms of English and French Canada. He likened these interior nationalisms to the disruptive forces that divide many countries along racial, religious, language or tribal lines, and lead to hatred and bloodshed.

Horowitz had a second important task: to demonstrate that in Canada nationalism and socialism do not conflict but are necessary to each other. These remarks, again, were directed at an important segment of New Democrats who cannot see the compatibility. Socialism looks to the establishment of world government and to the eventual withering away of the nation-state. But the goal of world government will not be advanced in any measure by the absorption of Canada into the United States. "If the United States were Socialist," Horowitz said, "we would be continentalists. We are nationalists because, as Socialists, we do not want our country to be utterly absorbed by the citadel of world capitalism. We are nationalists because we believe that something new can be created here—something different from what the Americans have created—and that that something new could be a social democracy. The point of our nationalism is not to preserve a Canadian identity no matter what it might be but to create a Canadian identity that measures up to a vision of the good society. There will be no socialism in a Canada which is being absorbed into the United States. Therefore, there can be no Canadian socialism without Canadian nationalism."

## The Alternative

The continentalists are strong not only because of their positions of power in Canadian society but because they have convinced almost everybody that there is no alternative. And, indeed, there is not within the framework of an economy guided by the free pull of the market, in which the center of decision making is the private corporation. A major purpose of the conference was to demonstrate that, given a new set of premises, economic independence is possible.

One of the most effective papers exploded a myth that has long tyrannized Canadian nationalists: that Canada is still in desperate need of foreign capital. Even the conference participants were surprised to be told that, as far as direct investment capital is concerned, Canada is a net exporter to the United States, not a net importer. Between 1960 and 1965, the parent companies of the



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multi-corporations exported just over $2 billion to their Canadian affiliates; in the same period, the affiliates sent $3 billion back to the parent companies in the form of dividends. American direct investment is expanding very rapidly in Canada, but this "American" capital is not imported from the United States. Its major source is the reinvestment of profits earned by subsidiaries in their Canadian operation.

The *Dimension* conference sharpened the intellectual tools of Canadian nationalists. It analyzed the nature of the alliance for continentalism, put forward programs to halt and reverse the process of continentalism. Though much more analysis is required, it is now clear that what is missing most is an effective vehicle for Canadian nationalism. It may well be that independence is ultimately not possible without socialism. But socialism is not yet a major force in Canada, and meanwhile the Americanization of Canada continues unabated. Only one proposal was offered as an immediate device for halting this process, but it may well be the most important contribution made by the *Dimension* conference: a common front among Canadian nationalists of all ideological persuasions; a new independence movement which would embrace all Canadians who, for whatever the reason, desire to preserve an independent Canada, and who see this independence being eroded by the existing relationship with the United States. Is there the will for a common front? Can a minimum program be devised, among the English and French communities alike, to forge a broadly based coalition that will expose and fight the continentalist alliance and its programs? The future of Canada may turn on the answers.

REBELS FROM AFFLUENCE

# THE PROVOS OF HOLLAND

**PIET THOENES**

*If Holland is the most staid of the Western nations, it has also produced the most interesting of the youthful revolt movements. The Provos (short for* Provocateurs*) are exceedingly small in number, but they have elected one candidate to the Dutch legislature, utterly unnerved the bureaucracy of Amsterdam and attracted world attention. Though part of the international protest movement that goes under the now almost universal term, "beat," the Provos project a sharp personality of their own. They share the nonviolent principles of the international movement, but they have developed irony as a formidable weapon against authority. Their method, as* The New York Times *has said, is "Dada put to political ends."*

*In the following pages, Piet Thoenes discusses why it was the Dutch who produced the Provos and what their emergence may mean for the social future of Holland, and for the other nations of the West. Dr. Thoenes is on the staff of the Institute of Social Studies, The Hague; his most recent book is* The Elite in the Welfare State.

*Amsterdam*

Their main meeting place is called the Cellar—part of an old house, on the banks of a canal, right in the heart of the old town.

The Cellar is always open, day and night; at any hour, there are people to talk to, to listen to, to be with. There are no convocations, no fixed hours, no attempts at organization. There is a certain stability of clans, but a still greater instability of ever-changing topics, actions, relationships and leaders.

Anyone can tell you where the Cellar is, and if you are rather more than a tourist, if you are really interested, go there and meet the people. You can sit and talk, or help to print the next edition of *Provo*. Or join a group that is on its way to start a happening around "Het Lieverdje," the "little sweetheart," a nearby statue which is a famous rallying point for Provos, police and innocent onlookers.

The Provo movement is an open one; no one is excluded. But if you really intend to join, you will have to change a lot. To be a Provo is more than part-time entertainment, and relationship with the movement cannot be fixed simply on a weekend basis, or by taking out a membership. A genuine Provo is utterly different from the bourgeois society around him. He has no ambition for a suitable career, or a well-organized family life; no fixed plans for next week, no ideology.

A Provo is against the dead symbols of a dead society, against official religions, against any kind of authority and obedience, against heroism and martyrdom. He is, above all, a nonconformist, a lover of things new, original and authentic. He is always on the move, restless, even faithless and illusive.

His problem may be: how is a man without any ties to become or remain involved in the world around him? His beloved Cellar is not a nomad's tent. It is a womb and the womb, alas, is not the world.

By now, society must realize that change is the phenomenon most characteristic of the kind of world in which we live. And if I were interviewed on the topic, while sitting at ease behind my desk, I would readily agree, saying—change, that is most important! But time and again, as we move about in this world, we are caught unawares. Suddenly there is something new, something provoking, unpredictable. It is exceedingly difficult to face these new phenomena with the slightest degree of objectivity.

We react as emotionally as the "adversary" might hope, and the amount of change which we must digest in the span of one generation seems to give us a fair amount of stomach trouble. Perhaps the blame should be placed on the generation of our fathers, who taught us about social institutions, social processes and social behavior as though they were eternal truths. Certainly



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we have doubts that never troubled them. But we did, after all, inherit a few things—ideas about duty and courage and obedience—that shouldn't be touched. There we know where we stand and what it is that we must defend.

Now, suddenly, part of the younger generation hits us precisely on the points where we thought ourselves reasonably safe. No one really understands where these young people came from. They seem to have escaped our educational devices. Who taught them? Who brought them up? There they are, suddenly, in the center of the stage, throwing smoke bombs at the royal galaxy.

And in the Netherlands of all places. One of those nice little countries, so clean and tidy; wealthy, self-assured, quiet and friendly. Not one of those eternal trouble spots erupting once again, but NATO's dearest child. Is it just accident, a little shower on a pleasant April day? Or is there something rotten in the state of Holland, and is Provo just another sign of the decay of the West?

In any case, Provo has aroused the attention of the world. It has captured far more of the international press than has any hard-working Dutch politician, professor, merchant or industrialist. Why should it attract this interest? Is it ethnological curiosity, like some newly documented oddity of behavior among the Eskimos or the Onas? Or was there a constellation of factors in the Dutch society which unexpectedly spawned a phenomenon that foreshadows tomorrow's culture of the Western world?

It may be a key to our puzzlement that the welfare state is indeed very real, and a reality markedly different from the liberal kind of society one remembers from the pre-1940 period. It is a reality, moreover, that has not yet been brought to consciousness by a new well-developed ideology.

Holland today, for example, differs widely from Holland before World War II. There is another level of education. Formerly, 25 per cent continued their education after the compulsory school-leaving age; now 80 per cent do so. The occupation structure has changed, with far less agriculture and commerce, more industry and services. Wealth is greater and public poverty has disappeared.

And so we have arrived in a distinct consumer culture. Before the war, the main thing was to earn money. If you were able to earn much and spend little, you had "arrived"—always assuming you were not actually a miser. It was assumed also that you knew what to buy in the way of clothes, books and furniture; at the same time, excessive attention to good taste was looked upon by a large part of the Dutch middle class as bordering on bad taste.

Not so nowadays. In a way, what makes the welfare state such a pleasant society is the stress on a good life. To earn a lot is, of course, still tremendously important, but there is a growing amount of "gardening" in daily life. "Gardening" here means focusing on personal things in your immediate surroundings. There is less interest for long-term, large-scale public affairs; more time for hobbies, collections, friendship and love.

This attitude may be in part a reaction to what is happening in the world around us. A larger role is given to secondary structures and organizations immediately outside the private circle: more bureaucracy, more impersonal contacts, more rationalization in a society of ranks, diplomas, functions and administration.

The world uses us and we use the world, but there is little involvement. It is not only that we lack love or hate. This world seems to have so many laws and powers of its own that we, as individuals, cannot do much about it. And so it is better to leave worries to the Establishment.

A logical consequence is widespread political apathy. Even in countries with less anomalous political parties than the Netherlands, political interest is ebbing. It is felt almost universally that politics are old-fashioned, a holdover from a generation that had not yet discovered that the real powers cannot be controlled by Parliament. Deep down, there is no lack of interest in religious matters; but it takes the form of personal judgment and is no longer caught by official movements or organizations.

Now what do these differences signify? The welfare state is undoubtedly a society, but it is not the creation, let us say, of an elite which purposely started a revolution and now proudly looks back on what it has achieved. We live in it, most of the time we are reasonably happy with it, but we hardly ever look at its blueprint and wonder if it is as we really intended it to be. If the welfare state had a distinct ideology, perhaps there would be a general protest, clear-cut goals for a coming generation. But there are none. The parents live on, half satisfied, half worried; and so do the larger part of the younger generation—half satisfied, half frustrated.

Or is there really a generation in the making, with ideas of its own, and certainties and ideals that they may have directly inherited from their grandfathers? In order to understand the Provos as a possible new form of young generation, we must first take a closer look at some characteristics of the Dutch society which has produced this new phenomenon.

The Dutch welfare state society has much in common with that of other small European states: Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and Switzerland. It loves to look at itself as a sensible, middle-of-the-road bourgeois society, capable of making sound distinctions between possibilities and impossibilities. Perhaps even more than its fellow countries it has been associated with an ideology of practical, not too rugged economic individualism—the do-it-yourself kind of society, without much political interest, democracy being mainly a middle-class device to prevent the state from becoming too important.

But it is precisely this liberal, casual attitude that is difficult to maintain in a welfare state. The state, in the Keynesian tradition, had become very important from 1945 onward.

Somehow, we were able to close our eyes to such facts, and then, suddenly, there came a great surprise. A new mixed Catholic-Socialist government came out into the open in 1965, with a long-term program to guarantee undisturbed economic growth up to the year 2000, by which



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time the population will have grown from 12 million to 20 million. But to carry out this program, the government asked higher taxes and still more government interference.

The Establishment now showed itself in a form unpalatable to Dutch taste. What we had suspected but not wished, or dared, to see, proved suddenly to be only too true. Political interest revived and resulted in a comeback by left-wing and right-wing parties. But the real reaction was panic at a deeper level: don't let state and Establishment fool you! Do away with politics in their traditional form. Try something else, show your independence. Ancient anarchist sentiments, present in Dutch society from Anabaptist days, suddenly flared up.

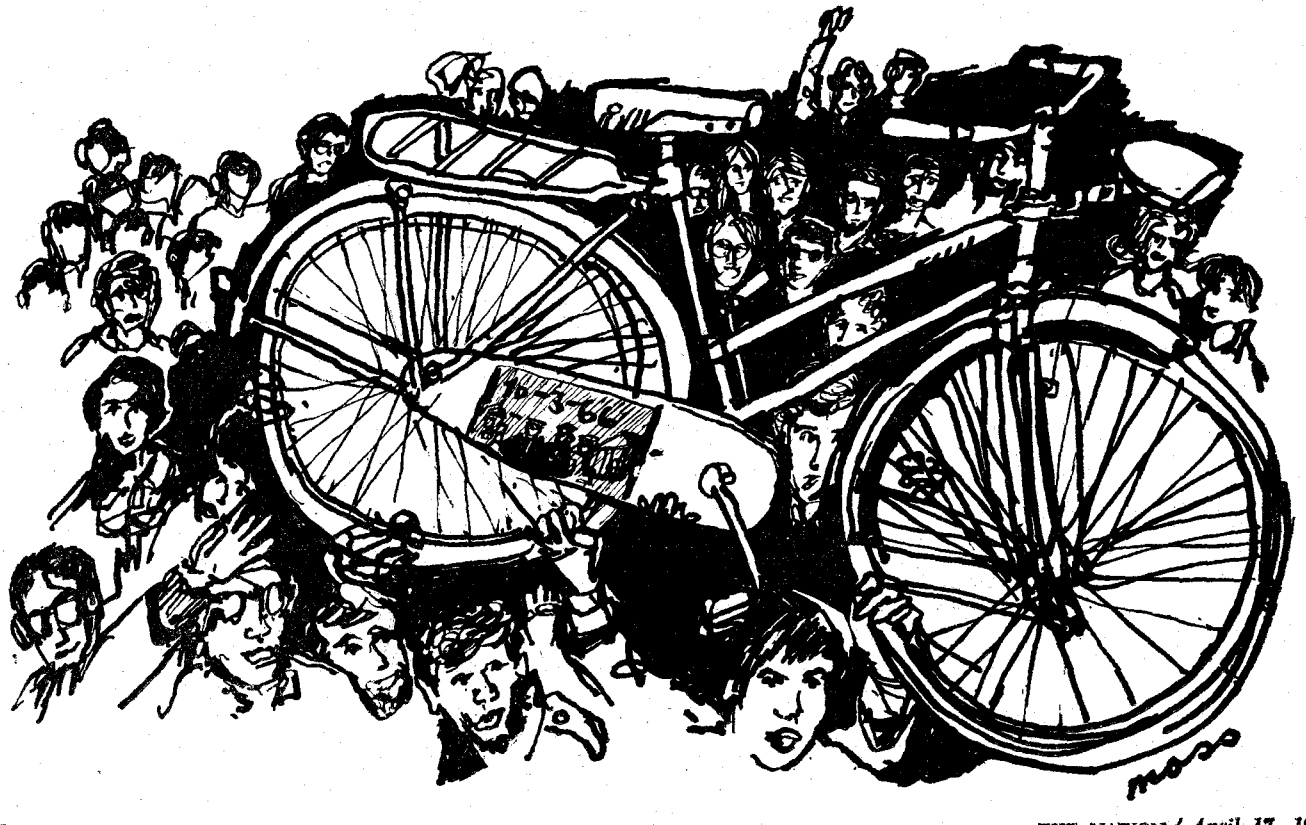
And where could that happen but in Amsterdam? In Amsterdam, the capital, but already involved in an old feud with The Hague, the seat of the government. Amsterdam, the town with the best war record, and where the princess was now going to marry a German, an ex-soldier.

Amsterdam is our most cosmopolitan city, where most artistic innovations have originated. Here the Cobra movement had already announced changes in the fields of painting and literature that seemed to forecast the end of a traditional bourgeois culture. It was in Amsterdam that local feelings of frustration and inferiority, and the wantonness of a younger generation that wished to demonstrate its divergent views in an unmistakable way, combined into a highly explosive mixture. On a hot night in June, 1965, a series of riots broke out, of a magnitude and violence that the town had not known since its famous strikes during the German Occupation.

It was here in Amsterdam, also, that the Provo movement developed; it was even accused of having organized the June rebellion. The movement has been a mixed affair from the very beginning. It includes students of the New Left, old-town bohemians of both younger and older generations, labor-class anarchists, practical reformers and less practical utopians. They are bound together by a common style, a common anti-bourgeois, anti-Establishment and anti-welfare-state attitude. The nucleus of the movement consists of not more than fifty, around whom are grouped a few hundred more. When there are demonstrations, the participants may rise to 1,000. They are a curious lot who dress differently, talk differently, act differently—a godsend for the TV crews.

Bernand de Vries, one of the movement's leaders, distinguishes the following categories of Provos:

1. *The happeners*
   They organize artistic happenings, new style. Not the old-fashioned "art to look at and admire," but a new style of collective action art. In the streets, and as many participating as possible. Now this kind of performance is not admired by the municipal authorities—it slows up traffic. A conflict between happeners and police is the result, and in due time, the happening acquires the character of a political demonstration.
2. *The beats and the hipsters*
   These are nearest to the British teddy boys, either very dandified or very unwashed. On the spiritual level, they are prepared to try anything between Zen and Yevtushenko.
3. *The thinkers*
   This is a more intellectual type, writing about art and anarchism in periodicals of more or less irregular publication, such as *Provo* and *Revo*.





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4. *The activists*
They organize demonstrations, Sit-Ins, Teach-Ins, Lay-Ins, forums. They are all out for publicity, and organize their activities mainly around political topics such as Vietnam, elections, conscription, all of which they deal with in unorthodox ways.

I am inclined to add to this classification the group of practical reformers. The Provos have made history by publishing what they call white plans. A "white bicycle plan" of community-owned bicycles to solve Amsterdam's traffic chaos; a "white chimney plan" to stop air pollution; a "white chicken plan" to reorganize the municipal police.

In a way, the practical reformers are the least revolutionary group because they try to save the old society by proposing technical revisions. At the same time, their entirely unorthodox solutions by-pass the official Establishment.

In what respect, then, are the Provos in advance of developments elsewhere? As with other younger generation movements, their forms of nonconformism are deep-rooted. But they go further. They do not stop at the kind of "count us out" attitude, once described for Germany in Schelsky's *Skeptische Generation*. The Provos include a group with intellectual and cultural aspirations, a group that cannot help being involved to such a degree that it wishes to devise new ways and new solutions.

It is this attitude, be it a flirtation with anarchism, or an attempt at new styles of social engineering, that gives Provo its political flavor. It has the detachment from the existing system necessary for really interesting negative comments, and by its honest, if sometimes flighty, attempts to try new solutions shows real concern and perhaps develops a stature that surpasses the traditional form of generational conflict.

Thinking about the future, I must revert to a distinction made in the first part of this article. Provo is the sum of two, let us say, cultural, factors in Dutch society.

One is a general condition. Welfare states, with their kind of external educational system, are always high on the list for possible generational conflicts of the beatnik type. The combination of rapid technological change and continuous political apathy leads easily to that kind of protest. As such, it is entertainment but not much more. It does not really influence overall society, its structures, processes and value systems. We all know that the dissenting members of the younger generation will one day take their examinations, marry their girls and find their jobs.

The existence of this form of generational conflict lends some extra color to our society, sometimes an element of surprise, even of reflection, but there is nothing in it that promises to change the course of history. The other factor is a particular combination that occurred in Holland during the mid-sixties, and that gave the generational protest a character which prevents us from dismissing it as a form of growing pains. It has reached a level at which history is made, enabling us to look around the corner and get an idea of what might

lie beyond the welfare state: another kind of society, a real *homo ludens,* even a new religion.

In any event, Holland will never be quite the same again. If we go to the theatre, we shall recognize the 19th-century flavor of the setup; if we start a new organization, we shall know that it is already a bureaucracy; and if we found a new political movement, we shall have to confess that in some way or other it is already part of the Establishment. Although Provo has not been able, or even tried, to force us to change existing structures, it has left an indelible mark.

But why, I wonder, do I write as though Provo were already safely locked up in the past? Is it because there have been hardly any happenings during the last few months? No provocations, no riots, no new men, really nothing at all? Or because the stream of publications on Provo (mainly very good ones) gives the feeling that we have analyzed, understood and pigeonholed the movement? It may, of course, be wishful thinking on the part of a middle-aged, middle-class observer who wishes to relax once more in the security of *"God, Nederland en Oranje."*

Provo has given us a new way in which to look at things. But that is also precisely where its weakness lies. A number of people might start thinking anew, but nothing obliges them, or even allows them, to start reliving. Nothing will happen if we go on as before. Provo is a challenge, but only provoking in the field of ideas, important as that may be. When you continue to publish white plans that are not enforced, and when you go on throwing smoke bombs at the royal procession, it just doesn't work any longer—not for yourself or for your enemies.

Perhaps that is the main reason for writing about Provo as if it were already a thing of the past. But I hope that I am wrong. I hope that here, or somewhere else, a movement which starts as the protest of a generation will grow into something more—more than entertainment, than irritating hooliganism. Provo has shown that one may use his imagination to envision a different world. Why, after all, should the welfare state be the last phase of history before Judgment Day?



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# Auto Insurance: Crack-Up Ahead

**ROBERT E. KEETON and JEFFREY O'CONNELL**

*Messrs. Keeton and O'Connell are professors of law, the former at Harvard University and the latter at the University of Illinois. They are co-authors of* Basic Protection for the Traffic Victim: A Blueprint for Reforming Automobile Insurance *(Little, Brown), and* After Cars Crash: The Need for Legal and Insurance Reform *(Dow Jones—Irwin).*

The present automobile insurance system cannot long survive. The pressures for legislative action are rising in every section of the country, and though the causes and cures for the ills of the present system may be sharply disputed, the symptoms are clear.

One set of symptoms concerns the harsh treatment of traffic victims. A substantial number go uncompensated, even for their out-of-pocket losses. Long delay in the payment of compensation has become normal; in metropolitan areas the lapse of time between filing of suit and trial averages more than thirty-one months, with a nationwide high of sixty-nine and a half months in a Chicago court. If the case is appealed—and many insurance companies are quite ready to appeal an adverse jury verdict—an even longer wait is in store for the plaintiff.

Adding to the injustice of delay is the unfair distribution of the insurance payments that are made. Persons suffering minor injuries are commonly overpaid, receiving compensation many times greater than their losses, while the severely injured seldom recover more than a fraction—often only a small fraction—of their losses. All this occurs in the face of the theory of the system that a traffic victim is entitled to all or nothing—the "all" being full compensation for his losses plus money to "compensate" for his pain and suffering.

Another set of symptoms clusters around the experiences of the insurance-buying public. Rates are rising everywhere, and in some states they are skyrocketing. Between January 1, 1955, and dates approximately eleven years later, according to data supplied by the American Insurance Association, average rates for a minimum level of automobile liability insurance covering bodily injuries rose by 112 per cent in Michigan, 95 per cent in South Carolina, 83 per cent in Virginia, 77 per cent in Arkansas, 56 per cent in North Carolina, and 54 per cent in Massachusetts and Mississippi, to give a few examples. New York fared somewhat better, with an increase of only 22 per cent, but it started this period with the highest rates in the nation, just above Massachusetts, and ended with the second highest, just below Massachusetts. (Puerto Rico, incidentally, has even higher rates than Massachusetts and New York.)

Almost as much public resentment arises from the readiness with which insurance companies cancel or refuse to renew insurance policies as is provoked by spiraling rates. In the race for the so-called "preferred" risks, the companies offer the advantage of lower rates to the middle-aged, middle-income surburbanites. In contrast, all too many other drivers—those between 16 and 25, those over 65, and those living in the congested metropolitan centers, for example—can get insurance, if at all, only through "assigned risk" plans (under which the undesired applicants are assigned to insurance companies in proportion to their volume of voluntary business), or from insurance companies specializing in insuring "high-risk" drivers at sharply increased rates.

Moreover, drivers unable to get insurance through the usual channels include groups among whom an appreciable percentage are unsophisticated about automobile insurance—the elderly and those living in poor neighborhoods, for example. They fall prey to the unscrupulous among the "high-risk" companies, an inordinate number of which have gone bankrupt, leaving their policyholders and many traffic victims high and dry. Not all or even most of the companies accepting high risks are shady or shaky, but this area has provided the most notorious abuse in the casualty insurance business of recent times. An investigation of high-risk insurance in 1965 by the Anti-Trust and Monopoly Sub-Committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee disclosed that in the preceding five years, sixty-five companies had become insolvent, leaving 300,000 people with $100 million in unpaid claims. And the committee reported in January, 1967, that eight more "high-risk" companies had failed, bringing the total to seventy-three in six years. This scandal has roused broad concern about weaknesses of state regulation of casualty insurance, and most observers expect Congress to turn actively to the problem this year.

The increasing costs are the more disturbing because of the system's inherent wastefulness and its built-in inducements to exaggeration and actual fraud. Claims for payment under automobile liability insurance are based upon fault—that is, the injured person must show that he was free from negligence and that the accident was caused entirely by the other driver's negligence. And the criteria for determining fault are so unrealistic that in many cases—perhaps most—they can be satisfied only if witnesses indulge in imaginative reconstruction of events imperfectly perceived and even more imperfectly remembered. Who really knows what happened in that split second before collision? In truth, opposing litigants seldom seem to be describing the same accident!

In this setting, a litigant has the maximum inducement to embroider, even to commit outright perjury, in an attempt to buttress his case. The cost of all this bickering over fault is even greater than the amount at stake in the multitude of cases involving relatively minor injuries. Overall—taking into account the whole range of cases from severe to trivial—automobile liability insurance is so inefficiently administered that the public pays $2.20 in premiums for every $1 provided in net benefits to injured persons.

All these symptoms of crisis in automobile insurance arise naturally from five characteristics of the present system:

First, claims are based upon fault, the criteria for which are unrealistic.

Second, claims are pressed against the other driver's



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insurance company, a procedure that heightens the possibilities for antagonism and litigation, since the company liable for payment feels no loyalty toward the person seeking payment.

Third, they are lump-sum claims. That is, the plaintiff is not entitled to have his losses reimbursed periodically as they occur, but must prove his claim once and for all, receiving one payment as reimbursement for his total losses, not only up to the time the estimate is made but for the future as well—even for a lifetime. No such estimate can be accurate, and in the circumstances it is natural that whoever makes the estimate, whether judge or jury, will lean to the high side because a mistake against an injured person might leave him destitute, whereas a mistake against the insurance company can be absorbed (i.e., passed on to policyholders in higher premiums).

Fourth, the rules for determining what is paid in these cases disregard payments from other sources. Thus, an accident victim who has medical-payments coverage in his own automobile insurance policy and a form of Blue Cross-Blue Shield coverage that also pays without regard to what he has received from other sources (as many policies do) can make a profit from incurring additional medical expenses. For example, if he has an X-ray that costs $20, he receives payment once under the medical-payments coverage, again under Blue Cross-Blue Shield, and a third time from the claim against the other driver's insurance company.

Fifth, automobile liability insurance claims include payments for pain and suffering, for which no objective measure is available. What is an ache in your arm "worth"? As a result, there is room for dispute in every case, and ample room for exaggeration.

These five troublesome features of insurance against traffic injuries are not present in the collision insurance that covers damage to cars. Under collision insurance, one collects from his own company for damage to his own car, without regard to fault and without arguments about indefinite claims for compensation above actual loss. Collision insurance has continued to work rather well, while the performance of insurance covering injuries to person has grown steadily worse as the numbers of cars and drivers and accidents have increased.

We propose a basic reform—called the Basic Protection Plan. It changes fundamentally the payments made in the great mass of traffic cases involving injuries that are not severe. In all such cases, first, one's claim would be paid on the basis of being injured in a traffic accident, not on the basis that somebody else was at fault. This principle is already in use in medical-payments insurance, collision insurance (the coverage that pays for damage to the insured automobile without regard to fault) and fire insurance. Second, claims would be submitted to one's own insurance company rather than to that of the other driver. Third, payments would be made as loss occurs, month by month, rather than in one lump sum. Fourth, claims would be for net loss; that is, no payment would be due for loss covered by other sources such as Blue Cross and sick-leave pay. Fifth, the claims would be for objectively measurable loss, no compensation being paid for pain and suffering.

Coupled with the development of this new form of insurance would be a law doing away with injury claims based on negligence in traffic accidents, unless the damages were higher than $5,000 for pain and suffering, or $10,000 for all other items such as medical expense and wage loss. This sharply distinguishes the proposal from accident and medical insurance one can buy today, and because of this feature all but a very small percentage of injury claims in automobile accidents would be handled entirely under the new Basic Protection coverage. The wasteful bickering over fault—with all the cost of investi-

gators, lawyers and the courts—would be eliminated in the great majority of cases. Rights to higher damages, including money for pain and suffering, would be preserved in the cases of severe injury. The number of these cases is relatively small, and the amounts involved warrant the expense of determining responsibility according to negligence, if realistic standards are applied. Also, allowing pain and suffering damages in these cases satisfies the grievance of innocent victims against negligent drivers, without giving every trivial case a nuisance value that makes insurance costs skyrocket. And preserving these claims based on negligence in the cases of severe injury helps to place a fair extra share of the burden of accident costs on negligent drivers.

Preferably, Basic Protection insurance would be compulsory, to meet the whole need for covering basic losses and to provide the fairest distribution of insurance costs among motorists. It could also work, however, under a voluntary system with a law making special provisions for those victims of uninsured cars who were not themselves car owners and had not had fair opportunity to choose whether to carry insurance.

Refusing to allow any overlap between this new coverage and such insurance as Blue Cross and disability contracts would not only save money in premiums immediately, but might also lead to a much needed re-examination of the whole problem of waste and "overutilization"



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(incurring expenses needlessly) spawned by overlapping benefits.

This new approach requires state action, and legislators in Michigan, Massachusetts and New York have already filed bills to enact the Basic Protection Plan. Other states are warming to the issue. All across the nation, however, the organized trial bar is in firm opposition, and there is little reason to hope that its attitude will change. One of the national leaders of this segment of the bar recently referred to the concept that damages should be paid to a traffic victim only upon proof of a driver's negligence as "a crowning triumph of reason and morality." He continued: "Literally, the principle of liability for fault is derived from the religious belief that each of us is responsible to his God for his own conduct." Skilled trial lawyers will sound countless oratorical variations on this theme, and the more effectively because many of them deeply and sincerely believe it. But the force of their opposition will be blunted if the public recognizes that they have a large financial stake in the *status quo*. There is hope, too, that many members of the bar will support fundamental insurance reform, recognizing that it is in the public interest and that the lack of a solution to the present crisis will necessarily result in disrespect for law and lawyers.

Until recently, the insurance industry had been as sternly opposed as the trial bar to any basic reform of automobile insurance. Within the past year, however, a number of spokesmen for the industry have warned that changes are inevitable and that the industry should help to fashion a reform that would be acceptable from its point of view. An even clearer warning was sounded by former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel Patrick Moynihan, addressing an insurance industry conference on safety, held at Hartford last January. He called attention to the example of the automobile industry, which continued to brush off proposals for making their cars safer, while warning clouds were gathering. Then, in a series of striking developments, the storm descended. Within a few months the automobile industry suddenly became subject to federal regulation.

In the summer of 1966, it was rumored briefly that top executives in the automobile insurance industry would make a sharp turn away from the prevailing opposition to reform. But the hope did not develop, and as of now there is no solid evidence that the insurance industry is ready to take the initiative.

Where, then, can support for fundamental reform be found? Because automobile insurance reform is everybody's concern, there is danger it will be nobody's business. Yet widespread public support will be required. Perhaps there is hope for organizing it along consumer-interest lines; perhaps groups as widely separated as chambers of commerce and labor unions can be persuaded to join the fight.

The need for reform is so obvious that some kind of legislative action is almost certain to be taken in several states in the immediate future. But there is still serious reason to doubt that the legislation enacted will go deep enough. Patchwork reform that alleviates the pressure for action will merely postpone the real job that has to be done.

## LETTERS *(Continued from page 482)*

government and is not representing our people. It was imposed on us by the United States, and is controlled by military men who fought for the French against the Vietnamese before 1954. . . . We want a government of our own, not controlled by either side, so that we may be able to settle the problems of Vietnam by ourselves on the basis of national brotherhood: to negotiate peace with the National Liberation Front and North Vietnam, and negotiate the withdrawal of American troops with the United States.

Do not believe that the danger of a Communist take-over justifies continuation of the war. We believe we are strong enough to form an independent government. The decision, however, should be ours, not yours, when it is our lives and our country that are being destroyed.

We endorse the proposals outlined in the book written by our friend Thich Nhat Hanh, *Vietnam: Lotus in a Sea of Fire*, and ask your help in realizing them.

Finally, we send you our best wishes and those of the Vietnamese people.

*(Done in Saigon, Feb. 20, 1967, for seventy students and professors.)*

*Cao Ngoc phuong*
*Pham hiu Tai*

### counsel of perfection

*Madison, Wis.*

DEAR SIRS: I found much to admire in Michael B. Folsom's review of my anthology *Echoes of Revolt: The Masses 1911-1917* [*The Nation*, Feb. 27], but his essay was disfigured by that self-righteous intolerance which is the most unattractive aspect of the New Left. Indeed, it sometimes seems to me that moral dogmatism is the principal link between our youngest radicals and the old Left of the 1930s. When Mr. Folsom has aged to the point where he can look back upon a selfless and error-free life entirely devoted to worthy causes, it will be time enough for him to pass judgment on *The Masses*' editors whom he now finds wanting in character as well as integrity.

*William L. O'Neill*

### nothing changes

*Wellesley, Mass.*

DEAR SIRS: "Fight the draft any way you can, but don't go to jail. . . . I still haven't recovered from being forced to submit. . . . " [David Bell, as quoted by Paul Good in the article, "Laying Freedom on the Line," *The Nation*, Mar. 20.]

"In prison nothing yields, nothing changes. . . ." Well, in the army nothing yields, nothing changes, either. And when you come out you've got to live with having served as a slave to the system you abhor. . . Articles and editorials such as those in the Mar. 20 *Nation* may jar some of us into anti-draft action—keep them up.

*Lanier C. Greer*
*Cora C. Greer*

### Berlin peace walks

*West Berlin*

DEAR SIRS: Americans in West Berlin have formed an information service and lobby to encourage a political settlement in Vietnam. . . . Our activity will receive wider attention with the beginning in late April of a series of weekly one-hour walks of 100 Americans through Berlin. We would welcome any Americans who would like to contribute to or contact the "U. S. Campaign" at Droysenstrasse 15, Berlin-Charlottenburg (West). . . .

*Peter R. Standish*
*Secretary, U.S. Campaign*



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## History and Malapropaganda

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT: November 20—November 25, 1963. *By William Manchester. Harper & Row. 710 pp. $10.*

**ELMER BENDINER**
*Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is author of* The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

There are several ways in which to categorize William Manchester's account of the five days in November, 1963, during which John F. Kennedy was assassinated, the man charged with the crime was murdered, and Lyndon Johnson inherited the Presidency. The volume can be looked upon as a merchandising marvel or as a political weapon in a factional feud, and in either case it could be hailed as a tour de force. But the author's passionate insistence that his work be regarded as history—in fact, as *the* history of the assassination, is another matter. In his foreword Manchester stakes his claim to such a monopoly, finding it "fair to assume that should any new studies of this subject appear in the near future, they must be largely based upon the [Warren] Commission's work, mine, or both."

It would be presumptuous to argue with a latter-day Book of Revelation; a reviewer can only list some of the wonders. This is not merely a retelling of the tragedy; Mr. Manchester fills page after page with facts never before reported. We discover that the White House Communications officer asked a sergeant for a roast beef sandwich before President Kennedy's last helicopter ride. At the moment of disaster in Dallas, Ben Bradlee, *Newsweek*'s Washington correspondent, was browsing in a Brentano's bookstore; and the private who would later ride behind the Kennedy caisson "was stuffing his soiled uniforms into a coin-operated laundromat."

We are told here for the first time what Prince Stanislaus Radziwill was doing at the fatal moment when the clock in Rome's Eden Hotel stood at 7:21, and that in the nation's capital "half the men on the streets wore topcoats and half did not."

The book is a mine of such data and historians can only regret that when Lincoln was shot no conscientious reporter was available to chronicle the state of Bismarck's digestion. Though many of the readers who are clamoring for Manchester's report may not appreciate the full significance of his minutiae—which consume half or more of this monumental effort—they may trace a larger pattern.

The stature of Lyndon Johnson, for example, shrinks notably in Manchester's telling. It is not pretty to read of the stricken widow's arrival at the Presidential plane in Dallas only to find Johnson in full possession of her bedroom. Johnson's image also suffers in Manchester's description of the oath-taking ceremony and of Johnson's insistence that Jackie Kennedy appear at his side, even though she would not change the dress still drenched in her husband's blood. The circumstances of the ceremony itself are stained with controversy. Johnson quotes Robert Kennedy as his legal authority for the necessity of taking the oath immediately, but Kennedy hotly denies that he sanctioned it or that it was necessary. Similarly, Johnson's precipitate speed in moving into the White House is contrasted by Manchester with the patience of that other Johnson who waited weeks after Lincoln's murder before he took over his quarters.

The President is described as "almost alone" in offering the on-the-spot theory that the assassination was part of an "international communist conspiracy." And an investigative commission composed exclusively of Texans, according to Manchester, was frustrated only by the intervention of attorney Abe Fortas and the Kennedy "loyalists." Johnson will also have to live down the monstrous *gaffe* of Lady Bird who, in offering her condolences to Mrs. Kennedy, said: "What wounds me most of all is that this should happen in my beloved State of Texas."

The book is no *MacBird*, of course. Manchester fully endorses the most significant conclusions of the Warren Commission. And at every opportunity he carefully explains the strains borne by the new President and the allowances that must be made. Inevitably, the repetition of these apologies has the ring of Mark Antony's refrain: "And Brutus is an honorable man."

By contrast Robert and Jacqueline Kennedy emerge as story-book hero and heroine, strong, resolute, romantic—"She was Gallic; he a Celt." The coldness of the Kennedy team to the new Chief is excused as an excess of loyalty and grief. But one cannot say that this book is designed as a tool in the Kennedy cause because we are forbidden to say so. Manchester opens his testament by commanding: "You may not conclude that I have served as anyone's amanuensis. If you doubt me you may as well stop at the end of this paragraph."

A reviewer with the temerity to disobey such imperious foot stamping could point out that Manchester was chosen by the Kennedy family, that he did come to some agreement with them, involving their right to at least review the manuscript before publication and that, however coincidentally, the work does enhance the stature of Robert Kennedy at the expense of Lyndon Johnson. The great, if abortive, legal battle between the Kennedys and Manchester resulted —again fortuitously—in a net gain for both sides. The Kennedys cannot be tagged with the book's faults and the publicity must account in part for the gigantic prepublication sale. Moreover, the Kennedy assault never discredited the book itself.

True, the evidence of political motivation is only circumstantial; but Manchester, in convicting Oswald of the single-handed murder of the President, declares a new legal dictum: that circumstantial evidence is "the very best kind." Manchester brushes aside all doubts and criticisms. The critics, in fact, do not exist; he has not heard of them. "Had any other major investigator been around I certainly would have heard the echo of his footsteps." This is odd because, though all of the dissenters from the Warren Commission Report may ultimately be refuted, there are few who would allege that they went about their work on tiptoe.

Where he touches upon the controversy he simplifies it with authoritative finality. "At that distance, with his training, he [Oswald] could scarcely have missed," Manchester declares, citing for authority his own experience on the Marine Corps rifle range. He takes no notice of those FBI sharpshooters who repeatedly missed when they tried to duplicate the shot. The argument of



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those who wonder about the seconds necessary to aim, load and fire the murder weapon is dismissed as a "trick," refuted by simple arithmetic. He seems unaware that the calculations have been based not on the time lapse between first and last shot but from the moment when the President could have been visible in the assassin's gun sights to the final firing.

For Manchester there are no grassy knolls, no bullet holes that need explaining. He is above sleuthing. Nonetheless, he has unearthed the curious fact that two hours before Oswald was shot, three trauma rooms had been prepared at Parkland Hospital "against precisely this calamity." He explains that the Dallas police expected some attempt to be made against Oswald while en route to the county jail but, curiously, not before. Dallas is like that, he says.

The impounded X-rays of the President cause him no anxiety at all. "Because the material is unsightly it will be unavailable until 1971," he reports in a footnote. It may be true that some small segment of the medically minded public would be able to tell a sightly from an unsightly X-ray, but in any case no film could equal the harrowing, tasteless, clinical detail with which Manchester loads whole chapters. Here the wounds, the blood, the flying bits of flesh and the surgical interventions are minutely detailed. If the American people and the Kennedys can stomach that, they probably can stand any X-ray ever made.

It should be pointed out, in all fairness, that there are chapters of genuine interest: the flight of top Cabinet members to Washington, the mood of Dallas, the bumbling, grotesque mechanics behind the funeral. Even though these sections contain little that the newspapers and television have not already reported, Manchester might be credited with a neat compilation in handy format. Unfortunately, even this information appears in his lofty prose.

William Manchester does not command language; he defies it. Rarely has the English tongue been so elegantly tortured. He refers to fine weather as "a golden lacuna of a day." He calls haze "aoristic." The Eastern seaboard, seen from a plane, is "vermiculating." President Kennedy's body is carried in an "apopemptic ride." Oswald is depicted (by inspired divination) as withdrawing after the final shot "in the deliberate lock step of a Marine marksman retiring from the range"—a feat comparable to a lone performer singing in unison.

Mrs. Malaprop would blush at Manchesterisms that leap out of the volume. Even when he uses words with some faint regard for their meaning, he is so grandiloquent that the reader is left in baffled awe. Mrs. Kennedy does not enter a room, for example, she "debouches" into it. She also withdraws into a "cantlet of privacy." Galbraith does not fall asleep; he "induces insentience." Oswald is shown "combing his hair like an oarsman sculling." And the Kennedy and Connally families, during their vigil at the hospital, are outrageously described as "entangled in their abattoir."

It is hard to say whether William Manchester will ultimately be known as the pioneer collector of the crumbs of history or the single-handed destroyer of the English language. This reviewer's guess is that he may make an obscure footnote in the record of our time—if not a "golden lacuna."

# Half & Half Equals Two

**E. R. von FREIBURG**

*Von Freiburg is a pseudonym for a bilingual East-West writer team of two who have lived in both Germanys for many years.*

A curious thing happens when one is asked about the literature of East Germany. Immediately one starts thinking about the literature of West Germany. But if one is asked to discuss the literature of West Germany, one's mind inevitably wanders to the literature of East Germany. They are two separate literatures, but only superficially do they constitute two separate phenomena. The one cannot be understood without the other.

It is easy enough to complain that contemporary German writers cannot be compared with the prewar giants—Brecht, the Mann brothers, the Zweig non-brothers, Lion Feuchtwanger, Anna Seghers. There are potential giants: Günter Grass (West) and Peter Hacks (East). The question is, why have they remained only potential? The difference between the older and the younger generation of German writers is probably not one of native gifts but of native land—of wholeness as against halfness.

All German writers today, East, West and in exile, are suffering from a split psyche. Kaiser Germany and Hitler's Third Reich, and the impotent Weimar Republic sandwiched in between, may not have been the most reassuring native land—with its amoebically, cannibalistically fluid borders—but it was a whole. It had one past, one present and presumably one future. Its culture, despite all the inner contradictions, belonged to one people. It was not a happy people. The number of writers it drove to suicide, insanity or exile is an appalling statistic. Yet Germany's exiled writers had no peace; they kept returning, spiritually or physically, to the scenes that had tormented them and driven them away.

It was Heine who wrote from Paris:

*When I think on Germany at night*
*I toss and turn till morning light*

Peter Weiss in Sweden finds himself doubly exiled. Unable to identify himself with either East or West Germany, he cannot write about contemporary Germany at all. On the other hand, his "Ten Theses of the Writer in a Divided World," a soul-searching analysis of contemporary political alternatives, could have been written only by a German today—a divided German. In it he floated in spirit, like Heine's ghost, over the two halves of his native land, in each half preferring this and rejecting that, and finally floating away again to his haunted homelessness.

The dilemma of the halved German writer was keenly described by dramatist Peter Hacks in a spoof aimed at Günter Grass and the guitar-playing East German bard Wolf Biermann who, like Hacks, emigrated from West to East Germany out of political conviction, and who has been in the doghouse in that country for about a year. In a letter in the West German magazine, *Theater heute,* describing the plot for a new comedy, Hacks wrote that his hero, "a German petty bourgeois" named Wolf-Günter, was accidentally divided in two when the Berlin Wall was built, and has since then existed in two separate halves. Wolf (East) and Günter (West) are absolutely identical; both have "the most comfortably demonic walrus mustache," considerable talent and an enormous need to make an impression; both represent every opinion one can possibly have, and its opposite; and both suffer from unrequited love for the same Fräulein, the government of the half-country in which they respectively dwell. The letter continued:

> No one can be more progressive than Wolf when he happens to fall among the capitalists, and no one more reactionary than Günter with the Communists. . . . They do not realize that



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the German states, both the Socialist and the capitalist, are exactly as the requirements of the historical situation compel them to be; they imagine that both states could be somewhat more Wolf-Günterish, if they only wanted to be. This error is reinforced by their physiological need to reunite. . . .

The joke, says Hacks, is that this hero just cannot leave his government in peace. No sooner has he sung its praises again than "something funny happens—his house door is set on fire [this happened to Grass], he gets bawled out by the Minister of the Interior [this happened to Biermann], etc." The climax comes when the double hero, now played by one actor, visits his head of state to offer him advice. At the right sits the Chancellor, at the left the Chairman. Wolf-Günter, at downstage center, says his piece and gets kicked in the pants by both chiefs.

All the German writers, including Hacks, regardless of their class position, regardless of their political acumen or lack of it, have been more or less crippled by the partition of their country. All have been trying to fly with one wing. It is the fate of every German writer who commits himself to the East (unless he is writing for a hypothetical posterity) to have to devote all his energy to hastening the progress of socialism and helping to block the encroachments of West Germany's neo-Nazism. Decadent frivolity is not for him. And it is the fate of every German writer who takes his chances with the West to have to make rejection of the East German way of life a fundamental tenet of his *Weltanschauung* (unless he doesn't mind not being published).

Biermann, feeling intolerably cramped between these alternatives, tried to withdraw from absolute commitment and sit on the fence, i.e., the wall—or rather, to "promenade along the top of the wall," as he wrote in his ballad on François Villon (with whom he likes to identify himself). But the political tensions in Germany have been too acute; and he has not been allowed any public concerts since 1965. There is no place like Germany for making it clear that a Third World does not exist.

Grass, too, has unsuccessfully tried to swerve around partisanship or to hit it and run. In *The Tin Drum*, he appeared to be merely getting the hilarious tantrums of his Danzig youth out of his system, making some universally valid comments on the position of the artist in society, and suggesting that the Nazis had been rather ridiculous. But the book unraveled itself and wound up in a tangle of repetitions. He tried also to maintain the stance of superb indifference to commitment in *Cat and Mouse*, setting up a gargantuan phallus to divert attention from the fact that he was evading a real viewpoint.

In neither of these works was there anything to offend Bonn. On the contrary, Grass's novels were welcomed as the ideal window dressing. His dull and turgid third novel, *Dog Years*, made at least one thing clear: he had paid the full price of admission to the West German establishment—outspoken rejection of the GDR.

His play, *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* (1966), underlined this. Written in mock-Brecht verse, the idea was that German workers are too tame to rebel against injustice, and that Brecht was no better because he supported the government of the GDR.

These last two works insured Grass absolute *Narrenfreiheit* (fool's immunity) in West Germany. He could embarrass the Social Democrats by barnstorming for them on a platform all his own; he could fulminate to his heart's content against the powerful Christian Democrats with whom they were planning a coalition, but artistically he had reached the pass described above. Scarcely fledged, he had lopped off his left wing.

Tactfully not mentioning any names, Erich Fried said at the Gruppe 47 meeting in Princeton last year that most

## THE LOVE SINGER

*Suddenly he appeared in our lives*
*Without a shadow*
*Crying "Joy" in a language that*
*We had forgotten or never knew*
*As syllables dropped like kumquats*
*From his tongue and he smiled at boys*
*In the street who made fun of him. He*
*Did not seem Western — he was too mad for*
*That — jangled and put together in a shabby way*
*That might have embarrassed us. And from*
*What place in the East he had arrived we could*
*Not tell — he seemed to have shed his origin*
*The way flowers shed petals*
*Until only the stem remains. And he was*
*That stem. Thin, made of sunlight, his face burned*
*By wind (all the streets he had been to!)*
*And he wandered*
*Past gaps, white buildings,*
*Glassy windows bursting with*
*Jewelry, past flowers,*
*Mirrors —*
*And what he sang was again this word "Joy,"*
*Sounding so much like a bird*
*Calling to his invisible mate*
*As he flies beyond the New Territories*
*Then dips into a mountain*

*Love Singer! Perhaps he once played at being*
*A dove or a vulture or a god in China before*
*Singing*
*In parking lots, gardens, traffic, new*
*Hotel lobbies. And we listened.*

*What has bothered me all afternoon*
*Is not his name,*
*Or what he sang — or even his small*
*Instrument that seemed to be cared for and polished*
*By feathers — but that here, in this city,*
*Everyday we have seen this miracle monger*
*Walking the streets. But never*
*Did I hear him speak to me so clearly.*

SANDRA HOCHMAN



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writers are success addicts, not for money alone but because success is the confirmation that they are not isolated, that they have found their audience. "Just like other addicts, they can be corrupted through what they strive for." The statement is suggestive for the predicament of all German writers, regardless of which side they are on.

In East Germany, however, it is mainly socialism they are striving for. A publisher there told us years ago that he was becoming impatient with dark hints of subjects that were too hot to handle. He was beginning to doubt that the manuscripts existed at all. "They're never submitted to *me*," he said. "Where are they?" They were simply self-censored before pen was ever put to paper. "Corrupted" is scarcely the word for the earnestly self-denying artist in the GDR. Truncated, yes. Hamstrung, and loaded down like Atlas. Fearing that too much criticism of his society may hurt the cause, he tempers and minimizes by conscientiously piling on the counter-evidence and does the best he can to achieve "Socialist realism," which has never yet been satisfactorily defined but seems to mean—roughly—silhouetting the story, however grim, against a backdrop irradiated by the rising sun of socialism.

At the same time, he is writing at top speed, constantly mindful that socialism is in a race for its life and that he is supposed to be inspiring the laggards. But can he, at this frantic hobble, with the world on his back, produce art?

With great fanfare, a Soviet novel full of cathartic heresies was publicized and widely circulated in East Germany in 1962: *Battle on the Way*, by the late Galina Nikolayeva. Bachirev, an engineer who refuses to turn out poor-quality tractors, opposes Valgan, the works manager, who doesn't care what junk comes off the assembly line as long as high production figures bring him glory. Valgan is supported by the entire party apparatus; the Communist father of the heroine Tina has died innocent in one of Stalin's prisons; and Tina is shown to be a more valuable person than the wife of the man she is having an affair with. This was the first time a book published in the GDR admitted that such things happened. There was a reason.

Theoretically, the Berlin Wall built in 1961 had put East Germany in a position to recover from the financial catastrophes of the open frontier and to operate without further losses. In practice there were huge stumbling blocks. The worst was the inefficiency caused by bureaucracy and the acute labor shortage. *Battle on the Way* was part of a drive to raise production and quality simultaneously. It was read by hundreds of thousands of people and discussed in the party press and in factory meetings for weeks. It opened the floodgates to an unprecedented wave of salutary, desperately needed criticism.

A spate of outspoken novels by East German writers followed, among them: *Ole Bienkopp* by Brecht's friend Erwin Strittmatter, poet and dramatist; *Divided Heaven* by Christa Wolf; *The Auditorium* by Hermann Kant, and *Track of Stone* by former [Communist] Party functionary Erik Neutsch.

Neutsch's book, most directly influenced by Nikolayeva, is perhaps the most impressive, a rough block of truth. Werner Horrath, Party Secretary on a gigantic industrial project in the GDR during the fifties, is out to achieve maximum efficiency even if it means exposing comrades who conceal costly mistakes to protect their own position, and rewarding useful workers who may be non-party or anti-party. He is trapped in a tragic conflict between this aim and his clandestine love for Katrin, a recently graduated engineer, whom he has gotten pregnant.

Their involvement starts when she helps him win over and recruit a boastful tough named Balla who spits on all authority and happens to be the best and most influential worker on the project. If Horrath, a married man, confesses to being the father of Katrin's child, it will mean that a party functionary is "no better" than an "element" like Balla, and therefore the party will have to throw him out when he is accomplishing the most and his personal prestige is so crucial. This is exactly what happens. He finally confesses and is fired; but through his too protracted, Hamlet-like vacillation he has lost both Katrin and his wife. We see him at the end, dreary and lonely, looking for a job as a day laborer—senselessly wasted human material.

The bad writing in this book makes one's hair stand on end, but it sold 216,000 copies. In distinction to West Germany, where the novel-buying public is relatively limited (high prices are one reason), a bestseller in East Germany reaches the masses and is judged more for its direct relation to their lives than for its artistic value. Neutsch's book had raised the question of officious and destructive party interference in private lives. It had cast doubt on the whole rigid moral standard preached by the party but impossible to reconcile with changing conditions, particularly the family upheavals that result from the changing status of women.

The hero in *Ole Bienkopp* is a resourceful oddball, a Communist peasant whose "bee head" is always buzzing with plans for improvement. His frustrating struggle with party bureaucrats ("soulless bureaucrats" was a popular expression in the party press in the early sixties) ultimately leads him to suicide. Strittmatter's dour understatement and startling, compact images provide more literary pleasure than the other three novels, although the book is marred by an overabundance of farmyard details.

In *Divided Heaven*, Christa Wolf tackled the question of why so many valuable intellectuals deserted to the Federal Republic before 1961 (when the wall was built). The heroine has to decide between her love for the gifted chemist, Manfred, who has asked her to follow him to West Berlin, and her loyalty to the GDR. She decides for the GDR, i.e., for solidarity, for the collective, for the hard but honest way, as against the moral maelstrom of casual, overnight betrayal. This simple appeal to Socialist conscience sold not only 244,000 in the GDR but 10,000 in West Germany, and the film made from it (*Die Welt* of Hamburg called it "amazingly potent artistically") reached still wider audiences on both sides.

Before the publication of his first novel, *The Auditorium*, Hermann Kant was best known for his elegant newspaper polemics against West Germany's *Kulturpolitik*. A young electrician just home from the army after World War II, Kant himself went to college in the "Workers' and Peasants' Faculty" in the then Soviet Zone, an institution which gave the children of the poor their first chance for a university education in Germany. From the vantage point of today's sophistication, Kant portrays the raw kids who were his roommates, charting through their careers the jagged but inexorable upward graph of the GDR.

The story tells of the unexplained defection of his friend Quasi, a promising mathematician, to West Germany. Kant finds him years later in Hamburg, impassively running a beer joint, betraying neither regret nor satisfaction. This reminder of the loss of identity in the plunge from world to world, of the heart-sinking but never acknowledged realization that one has made a bad bargain by crossing over—an everyday tragedy in divided Germany before the wall was built—is the most effective single detail in the book. It gives the tale a resonance otherwise lacking, for Kant prefers to maintain an ironic, off-



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hand tone, forbidding not only sentimentality but sentiment.

In short, the self-censorship in the East was giving way, and authors had begun to feel that their first responsibility was to the truth, insofar as they could discover it. Without the cleansing truth, the new conflicts emerging under socialism would never be settled satisfactorily. Kant, Christa Wolf and Neutsch represent the generation that was just coming of age at the end of the war, the legatees of shame, horror, devastation and hunger, those who saw just enough of the Nazis to feel an inner ethical obligation toward anti-fascism for the rest of their lives.

They are all upright puritans, reformers, who reject the material temptations of the West as not very attractive bait set by the neo-Nazis. To them the simple life of the GDR, neither poor nor luxurious, calm, rather pedestrian, but free of rat race, is such an incomparable improvement over fascism that nothing could make them betray it. Faults in the fabric have to be corrected —by "us," because it is "our" state. Not by some abstract "them."

The building of the Berlin Wall had a paradoxical effect. It clearly defined a separation that had long existed without being generally acknowledged. It compelled respect on both sides by proclaiming the GDR's intention to defend its statehood. But it also aroused—such is the psychological effect of a wall—the longing to cross it.

During a brief period that began in about 1962 and culminated in 1965, a tentative *rapprochement* was brought about between the East and West German writers which both found very exciting. They held radio debates, gave joint readings, spoke at each other's congresses, and published selections from each other's work. These contacts were accompanied by violent friction, aggressive defensiveness and hurt love. The majority of West German writers dislike their government, but they also dislike the position of the writer in East Germany. The East German writers, while sensitive to the charge that state-sponsored "Socialist realism" narrows the approach to truth and art, feel that their West German counterparts are jeering all the louder to distract attention from the price *they* pay for survival —if not express anti-communism, then prolonged adolescence in the form of the whole faddist bag of mini-literature, pessimism, absurdity and cruelty.

Yet the more dedicated the East German writer was to socialism, the more his West German colleague grudgingly respected him; and the more fun the West Germans had at wild parties of art on the loose, the more the East Germans longed to abandon themselves—if only they had the time! Both worshiped one literary idol: Brecht. Each found in him the justification for his own way, as well as the painfully persuasive argument for the other side.

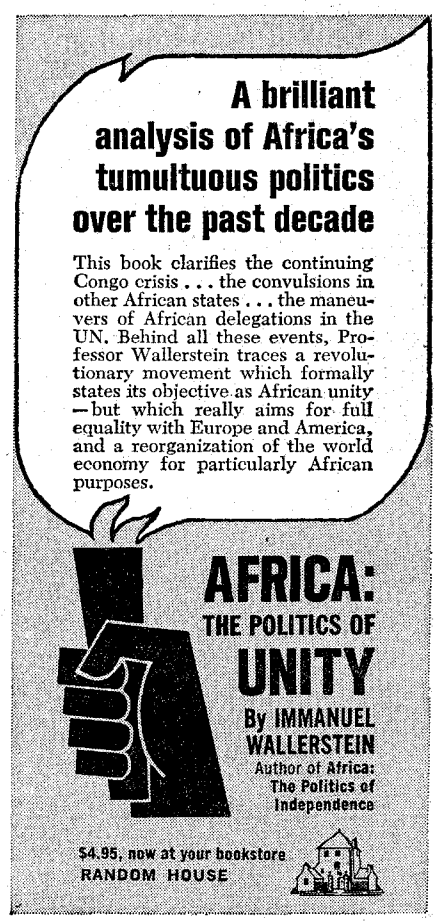
It was like an anxious, illicit love affair, taking place in a sphere which realistically did not exist, and it was viewed with increasing disapprobation by both German governments. West German non-Communist writers were making drastic anti-government statements which influenced students and intellectuals. East German writers, intoxicated by the thaw on both frontiers, were happily prying open every closet in which they suspected a skeleton.

This game of transmural puss in the corner was abruptly stopped at the end of 1965, a period of mounting political tension, when the German Federal Republic announced openly its desire to possess nuclear weapons, "liberate" the East Germans, and restore the frontiers of 1937. In a crack-down that started at its 11th Plenum in December, 1965, the Socialist Unity [Communist] Party of the GDR made it clear that any thaw was an intellectual hallucination unless peace was guaranteed. It forbade all art that it termed "pessimistic," "skeptical" or "pornographic," and reduced East-West hobnobbing to a tenuous minimum. Writers who had published in the West works critical of the GDR (Biermann, Stefan Heym), film producers who were working on rebellious films, even writers who merely used "obscene" language, were pilloried in the press for weeks.

The writers were shocked at the harshness of these methods, which were intended as a warning to all of them. They could see the need for increased vigilance, but not for being collared like schoolboys and having their ears boxed, while the good boys in the class, the workers, were encouraged to point at them as a group and laugh. Whereas they had been, and still were, unconditional supporters of Socialist power, the party by no means returned their confidence. What had previously been a voluntary—or rather, an involuntary—self-suppression, based on a feeling of responsibility, was now blurred by official censorship. Film contracts were canceled, publishers' lists were revised, plays were dropped from consideration, and no one knew what to write. The result was that not one East German novel, play or film of any value emerged in the GDR in 1966.

It was a lean year for West German literature too. The writers there were not unaffected by events. They had lost a dimension, an illusion, an escape valve. Feeling rebuffed by the Socialist state, abused in their own state ("little yapping terriers" was ex-Chancellor Erhard's term for them), they not only became increasingly precious, form-obsessed, and isolated from ordinary people; they also turned contemptuously on one another, expending a disproportionate amount of ingenuity on reciprocal verbal mutilation.

Peter Hacks, who poked fun at Biermann and Grass, is not likely to have the last laugh. He, whose favorite form is tragicomedy, is himself a tragicomic figure dancing in the air above the wall. He could easily be the model for the Schuhu in his delightful fairy tale about a boy with wings who came out of a very hard egg; while the flying princess who betrays him with a dull cheese merchant may be the GDR. In the end she returns to him and they set up housekeeping on top of a mountain. Hacks has just had a new comedy published in West Germany; it contains a number of gibes at the GDR, and GDR officials have shown that they are not amused. A public reading of *Margarete in Aix*, whose subject is the alienation of the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artist in society, was canceled, and the [Communist] Party paper attacked him.

Hacks, now 38, did not grow up in the GDR. Having read Hegel and Marx, he had decided for communism and flown on his Schuhu wings in 1955 to the part of Germany where Hegel and Marx were taught. But his feet never quite touched the ground there. The conflict between idea and reality is the dynamic of most of his work.

He is enormously talented. Like Brecht and Lewis Carroll, he can be didactic with charm. He combines perfect poetic pitch, a lusty whimsy, and an informed and ruthless insight into human motives. Yet all his seven plays are too cerebral, too green, too torn. They are the work of a changeling who stands behind a curtain and peeps out with big, strange eyes at the funny way his adopted family eats soup:

*Have I been talking again? I admit*
*I do like talking. The right words attach*
*Themselves to things like handles*
*So you can pick them up and move them.*
*Talk about them and you've got them.*

says the title figure of one of his plays, Moritz Tassow, a utopian Socialist and motley fool in whom Hacks evidently meant to satirize a cast-off self. But the play remains an unsettled argument in the author's head, between disappointing but *probably* necessary party pragmatism and a Communist idealism for which the people are *probably* not yet ready. The party was not prepared to admit that pragmatism was holding idealism on a leash, and the play was taken off the boards—the second time this happened to Hacks. Where can he go from here?

*The knowledge of man's ways is something special.*
*I uttered many judgments, judgments of all kinds*
*And everything I said was said too soon,*

mourns Vaudemont in *Margarete in Aix*.

"I cannot agree," said Anna Seghers at the GDR Writers' Conference last November, "with certain criticisms. Imagination withers away when it is underestimated and all its thinking is done for it. Gorky did not only write the novel *The Mother*, often considered the source of the laws of Socialist realism. He also wrote about all sorts of destinies that stirred him, short stories and plays; he wrote fairy tales too, about departed or invented worlds." She warned against "intimidating in the very process of arising" experiments which are "premonitions of the new world to come."

One thing is certain: The two worlds in which the writers of East and West Germany live are drifting rapidly apart, pulled by antagonistic political forces. Their separation is already plainly incurable. Within this generation they will evolve into two new German-speaking countries as different from each other as they are from Austria and German Switzerland. Only when this situation is formalized will their two literatures be able to develop from halves to wholes. Each side, left to itself, will find its own separate solution in its own utterly different pattern of life.


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**a distinguished group of contributors in a special issue on the new poetry**


# All the World's a Toy

A HISTORY OF TOYS. *By Antonia Fraser. Delacorte Press. 256 pp. $25.*

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN DOLLS. *By Gwen White. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 274 pp. $19.95.*

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF TOYS. *By Karl Ewald Fritzsch and Manfred Bachmann. Murray's Books (England). 194 pp. 84s.*

JAPANESE TOYS. *By Kazuya Sakamoto. Translated by Charles A. Pomeroy. Photographs by Kiyoshi Sonobe. Bijutsu Shuppan-Sha and Charles E. Tuttle Co. 516 pp. $17.50.*


**CHESTER JOHNSON**

*Mr. Johnson is a free-lance science and technology editor and writer. He is the author of* Clocks and Watches *(Odyssey Press).*


"The world," grieved Spinoza, "is God's doll's house"—and whatever else is said in reference to toys is as likely to be true; their universal appeal and symbolism is nothing mysterious. The Australian aborigines—until recently a people using only five tools and no clothes—were reputed to be toyless, but aboriginal youngsters have been discovered cherishing worn-out stone choppers, cuddling them and wrapping them up at night. Toys, as we learn from these four books, implement the acting out of children's emotional needs; they are necessary props in the child's psychic staging. Toyless children find it difficult to externalize their private worlds, and it has been proved that a lack of toys contributes to the emotional remoteness of institutionalized children. Like adult religious and magical paraphernalia, toys can be objects of ritual potency. It is this archetypal character in toys—often destroyed in the gimmick-obsessed market place—that enables certain of them to remain satisfying through centuries and even millennia.

Toys are almost as much admired by adults as by children. The hackneyed tableau of Dad, monopolizing Junior's train, is not far from the truth. Multi-ulcered executives can while away the weekend's milk-fed hours by reconstructing in "durable plastic" the Pierce Arrow limousine that "Dad had," leaving Junior to paint blood on the stump neck of his headless toy Frankenstein's monster and Sis to ponder (archetypally) what color bra the crew-cut Ken doll would like to see on his nubile, modeled-to-look-willing Barbie. Provided with wardrobes for all (socially acceptable) occasions these dolls (both American and British versions are illustrated in the Fraser book) are on the make and ready to go.

Fortunately for adults, toys can be collected as well as played with, and it is this penchant for preserving former playthings as present objects of virtue that allows us to gain some idea of the evolution and significance of toys. Collectors and publishers form a happy symbiosis: to a large extent they depend upon one another. A collector of any ilk must have reference books; in the present competitive collecting arena (where early Coca-Cola bottles are bringing $25 each) collectors can still afford to read about what they can no longer afford to buy.

Antonia Fraser (mother of five, daughter of an earl, and wife of an M.P.) has put together a "reading-type" book, illustrated with an Argus eye on the general reader's potential interest in toys; she has thoroughly surveyed the toy world from Pharaonic pottery mice to Edwardian orthopters, to "spy dolls" for smuggling microfilm—even to toys for Thalidomidized children. The illustrations, whether plain or in color, are clear, and there are more than 300.

As outlined in the author's first chapter, a satisfying toy must furnish the child with possibilities for pleasure,




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fantasy and imitation (although one wonders what the G-string clad Indian youngster, reproduced from an Elizabethan drawing, made of the farthingaled doll given her by Roanoke colonists). Animal and human dolls often invite profound and powerful emotional investment; they may, like the poet John Betjeman's teddy bear, be cherished as talismans into adulthood.

Many of the elaborately dressed dolls of the past, now collectors' prizes, survive because they were not played with. A successful toy is one you can do something with or to. If it is too complete and elaborate, as were many Victorian and Edwardian dolls, the grownups may ration its use, "until you show greater responsibility"; by that time, of course, it may have been forsaken for an old rag doll or a rough wood wagon. Children will innovate and improvise; the author mentions the "emergent toys" made by poor children, and illustrates a pathetic but arresting 1905 vintage doll made from an old shoe, now preserved in that unique institution, the Museum of Childhood in Edinburgh.

Certain toys—weapons, dolls, rattles, soldiers, pull toys—are immortal. The yo-yo (once a deadly weapon in the Philippines) is an example: first a toy in the ancient Far East, it created a craze in Directoire France and was greeted with the same enthusiasm in England and the United States during the 1920s. The toys of older children reflect the life style of the age—and to us they are important as cultural pieces of the past. Some of them, the playthings of long dead princes, are works of art; the author mentions and illustrates many too beautiful to have been played with. Queen Mary's doll house, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, architect of New Delhi, had a real wine cellar (teetotalers objected), and was equipped with working plumbing, miniature versions of books autographed by their real authors, scale-built models of royal Daimlers, and a phonograph which played *God Save the King* (meanwhile back in the London slums, some child was cuddling that shoe doll).

Gwen White's *European and American Dolls and their marks and patents* is her eighth work on the subject and (with its many illustrations of dolls' body structure in "anatomical" detail) is a serious reference work for the doll collector's library. Collectors and dealers of Victorian and Edwardian dolls will find the 28 pages of makers' names and the 625 makers' marks and trade names invaluable (Paladin Baby, the Flirt, Joli Baby, Mein Liebling). To the noncollector the book is a compendium of arcane lore; how many of us realize that bereaved 16th- and 17th-century mothers had their deceased babes miniaturized in flesh-colored wax? One of the many intriguing photographs shows Ondine, a wide-eyed, French swimming doll, sedately breast stroking (in the author's tub?) like an imagined great-aunt, across the Titanic-engulfing waters.

*An Illustrated History of Toys,* translated from the original German, is a natural history of traditional German toy making, illustrated with numerous plates and some sixty woodcuts, a restful change from the usual flashy coffee-table layout and design. Although the authors mention modern mechanical and even fad toys, their prime focus is on hand-carved toys made by individual craftsmen. They describe how the toys were made (up to 100 little wood horses can be sliced from a properly profiled, lathe-turned dish); how they were activated (by updrafts from candle flames, trickling sand, bobbing weights); and how they were and still are gathered from the individual carvers and marketed all over the world.

Some of the items are not, properly speaking, toys; they are seasonal souvenirs for feast days, local and national holidays and village processions. German wood carvers enjoyed, at best, a rather precarious living; they carved anything that would sell (locally or abroad) but it is noteworthy, amid the current welter of plastic rockets and machine guns, that the handcrafted toy is still a living industry.

Dolls are often gods or demons that have fallen from power—obsolete magic is sometimes relegated to the nursery. Traditional Japanese dolls and toys were seldom only playthings; most of them, as strikingly illustrated in *Japanese Toys,* derive from ritual and ceremonial objects; some of them are even now supposed not to be devoid of their original magic powers. Windmills, tops, straw mobiles, masks, kites, drums, whisks, plaited objects of sun-bleached straw, talismanic wands—abstract, humorous, serene, violent, mysterious, arresting, eldritch—they are all of these. A "pure"-looking toy whisk has the function of "banishing the summer lethargy which often overtakes children." Some look truly inscrutable; only a few examples, such as the Daruma doll (a bobbing, self-righting, smiling torso modeled after Japan's Buddhist "Saint Patrick," whose legs withered away during nine years of contemplation) are remotely familiar to Westerners.

We would, as with some of the German carvings, regard many of these strange but evocative objects as charms, souvenirs, keepsakes, talismans and mascots, rather than playthings. Like the German traditional toys, many of them are still handcrafted and produced only regionally for certain festival days, more or less uncorrupted by commercial exploitation.

Tradition and craftsmanship still have their place in a quite different part of the Japanese toy realm. Exquisite emperor and empress dolls (along with court ladies, samurai and guards) are still made for Japan's yearly Doll Festival; so precious were these dolls—with which youngsters were taught to recognize the hierarchy of the *ancien régime* —that they were kept apart in little brick houses of their own, in case the owners' were destroyed by earthquake.

Primarily an album, *Japanese Toys* consists of a general introduction, followed by the plates (grouped under the six main regions of Japan) and notes about the plates. All the books are well made except the German one, which has fragile cardboard covers and brittle paper. Is there, however, a sufficient audience to save them from the remainder sale?

# Book Marks

THE JOURNALS OF DAVID E. LILIENTHAL. Vol. 3: VENTURESOME YEARS, 1950-1955. *Harper & Row. 647 pp. $11.95.*

The latest volume of the noted Lilienthal diary, published as written day by day during past decades, covers the period just after the author had completed his famous TVA and AEC tours of duty. A revealing picture of a sensitive, dedicated liberal, together with much valuable source material for study of the time—and some candid views of figures still on the public scene.

LABOR AND LIBERTY: The La Follette Committee and the New Deal. *By Jerold S. Auerbach. Bobbs-Merrill. 246 pp. $6.50.*

A carefully researched, excellent study of the role of the famous La Follette committee during the early years of the New Deal, which gives an unusual insight into the overall background and social philosophy of the entire New Deal era. Yet this book is even more than that—for the author, assistant professor of history at Brandeis University, has astutely chosen as his subject the key transitional period in which American liberalism shifted from a traditional



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laissez-faire civil libertarian suspicion of "big government" to precisely the opposite position, that federal power is a logical and even indispensable instrument for both social change and the protection of constitutional liberties. The book helps establish a proper rank in American history for the tragic Sen. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., one of the most idealistic spokesmen for American progressivism. A first-rate historical study, with profound implications for today's divisions within the liberal-labor forces.

NEW DEAL THOUGHT. *Edited by Howard Zinn. Bobbs-Merrill. 431 pp. $8.50.*

Another in the excellent American Heritage Series of anthologies, this volume presents a panoramic view of the New Deal from the writings of those who were formulating and administering it, and also those who were criticizing it for going either too far or not far enough. In his introductory essay, editor Howard Zinn, professor of government at Boston University, sets the stage for the work to come. The selections themselves range from political declarations by President Roosevelt to an analysis of the basic problems of the farm worker by Carey McWilliams that is still as appropriate as when it was written twenty-five years ago.

WENDELL WILLKIE: Fighter for Freedom. *By Ellsworth Barnard. Northern Michigan University Press. 611 pp. $7.50.*

A frankly partisan biography, intended to perpetuate Willkie's reputation as a fighting liberal. A fourteen-year labor of love by the author, professor of English at Northern Michigan University, this work is too specialized for general interest, but serves the worthy purpose of gathering and preserving much valuable first-hand material by and about Willkie and his associates.

MR. JUSTICE MURPHY AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS. *By Harold Norris. Oceana Publications. 568 pp. $7.50.*

According to this study, during the 1946-52 terms of the United States Supreme Court, Justice Frank Murphy was the only member of the Court to have a 100 per cent perfect civil liberties voting record on a total of 113 cases for free speech claims, criminal defendants' claims, Negro claims and alien claims. Such was the dedication to civil liberties on the part of Justice Murphy, New Deal leader, former Mayor of Detroit, Governor General of the Philippines, Governor of Michigan, Attorney General of the United States, and finally Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Murphy's key judicial opinions are included. Harold Norris, a professor at the Detroit College of Law where Murphy once taught, has made an excellent contribution toward perpetuating Murphy's place in American history.

THE COMING OF THE WELFARE STATE. (Revised Edition.) *By Maurice Bruce. Schocken Books. 308 pp. $8.95.*

The first American edition of a standard history of the welfare state in Great Britain, this book carefully presents contemporary British social policy and legislation within a historical context, beginning with the Industrial Revolution and the Poor Law of 1834. The American edition is enriched by a special essay comparing the British and American social service programs, with emphasis on the parallels. An essential reference work for those concerned with welfare state philosophy in general and with the United Kingdom in particular.

THE HUNGER TO COME. *By John Laffin. Abelard-Schuman. 208 pp. $4.95.*

A horrifying picture of present and future malnutrition and starvation in the underdeveloped areas of the world, and an impassioned plea for immediate action. The author, a British journalist, argues that American prosperity cannot last more than another fifteen years at the current rate of population growth, because the increased need for public services will swamp the economy at the very time that natural resources will greatly diminish; that, by 1982, one in four of the world's population will be Chinese; and places these problems in a political and economic context. He is at his best in emphasizing the immediate human aspect. As he pointedly remarks: "Responsibility for food supply is no longer a matter for communities or even single countries; it is international and must be so tackled. By failing to tackle it vigorously enough the 'haves' of the world are guilty not merely of criminal negligence but of gross and culpable manslaughter." His solution is a drastic program of world-wide birth control combined with unprecedented efforts to increase food production, particularly food from the sea.

THE INDIAN: America's Unfinished Business. *Report of the Commission on the Rights, Liberties, and Responsibilities of the American Indian. Compiled by William A. Brophy and Sophie D. Aberle. University of Oklahoma Press. 236 pp. $5.95.*

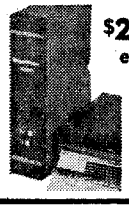
With major public attention focused on the problems of poverty and civil rights in the nation's urban centers, it is important to be reminded of the contemporary problems of a rural-based ethnic minority, the American Indian. The late William A. Brophy, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs and long one of the foremost experts in the field, was the major architect of this authoritative and sensitive analysis. Though the Indian faces problems common to all rural minorities, there are very significant variations, growing out of the distinctive Indian culture and tribal structure. This much needed book summarizes them with skill and compassion. The text is enhanced by many good photographs.

THE ORDEAL OF DESEGREGATION. *By Reed Sarratt. Harper & Row. 374 pp. $7.50.*

There has been an urgent need for a volume which would thoroughly and dispassionately assemble and record the facts of the impact upon the South of the landmark decisions of the Supreme Court outlawing segregated public schools. This book by a member of the Southern Regional Education Board may well become the standard reference volume. An indispensable handbook for researchers in this field.

THE WHITE PROBLEM IN AMERICA. *By the Editors of* Ebony. *Johnson Publishing Co. 181 pp. $3.50.*

First published as a special issue of *Ebony* magazine and prepared mainly by staff members, the twenty-one articles in the book include special contributions by Martin Luther King, Jr., James Bald-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win, Prof. Kenneth B. Clark, Louis E. Lomax and other distinguished Negro spokesmen. A factual and objective overall picture of the various aspects of the problem facing the American Negro today—which, of course, as the title indicates, originates in the historic problem of the attitude of whites toward Negroes in America. The essays form a distinctive, well-rounded entity that deserves preservation and perpetuation in book form for general attention.

HENRY M. CHRISTMAN

# THEATRE

## JULIUS NOVICK

This season two new resident professional companies have been started in the South: one in Atlanta and one in New Orleans. Both are run by Northerners. The two theatres are very different, but both seem to be having trouble making headway against the two great problems of the resident theatre movement: the difficulty of putting on good productions with the talent available, and the difficulty of inducing the local public to come and see the shows.

Greater Atlanta has a population of well over a million and is growing rapidly, but until last fall, when Theatre Atlanta's professional company began its career, the city had no professional noncommercial theatre. Yet Theatre Atlanta is not new. Like the resident professional companies in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Houston, Memphis and elsewhere, it began as an amateur organization.

Last season, Jay Broad came down from New York to become Theatre Atlanta's managing director. Mr. Broad had spent four years running a community theatre (in the relevant jargon "community" means amateur) in Fort Wayne, Ind. He had also directed at a resident professional theatre (now defunct) in St. Paul, Minn., and had done an off-Broadway production of *Life Is a Dream* by Calderon. For Theatre Atlanta, he recruited a company of twelve Equity actors: six from the Atlanta area who had acted with Theatre Atlanta as amateurs, and six from out of state. Meanwhile, construction was progressing on a splendid new $1,250,000 thrust-stage theatre, built by a wealthy local lady in memory of her daughter who had been killed in the 1962 plane crash that took the lives of so many of Atlanta's prominent citizens. Last November, Theatre Atlanta opened its new home with Peter Shaffer's *Royal Hunt of the Sun*.

In most cities, professional theatres are slightly ashamed of the recourse they often make to local amateur performers. (Many theatres can afford Equity companies; not so many can afford *all*-Equity companies.) At Theatre Atlanta, however, they make no bones about their continuing use of "avocational" actors (as they are delicately called) alongside the professionals. Still, the transition from amateur to professional is necessarily traumatic: a small, cozy local institution is suddenly taken over by strangers—who are paid with money raised by those they have in large measure supplanted! (The budget shoots up wildly: from $25,000 to $196,000 in Atlanta.) The lady who met me at the Atlanta airport, a local matron who does volunteer work for the theatre, was quite touchy about the "paid ones," as she called them. "What's the difference?," she asked. One index to what's wrong with American acting is that she's got a point.

The quality of the Atlanta company, judging from the performance I saw of Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*, is not significantly below that of most resident companies—which is not saying very much. Miller's autobiographical play walks a thin edge between profundity and meretriciousness; Frederick Congdon, who played the lead in Atlanta, pushed it over immediately into meretriciousness and kept it there. The problem was not that Mr. Congdon is a bad actor but that he is the wrong kind of good one.

Miller's hero is tolerable, in his endless concern with his own problems, only because he is really suffering; it was impossible to believe that spruce Mr. Congdon, in his impeccable three-piece suit and rep tie, with his charming little smile, could be really bothered by anything. Certainly nothing in the play had a chance of penetrating his supreme smugness. His performance made me intensely aware of what Jason Robards, the original Quentin, had been able largely to conceal: how Quentin *patronizes* everyone he meets, how maddeningly self-righteous the character is.

Kathryn Loder as Maggie (the Marilyn Monroe part) had a wonderful bodily characterization, swingy hipped yet vulnerable, but she was limited by the adenoidal, high-pitched voice she affected. It was amazing how much acting Miss Loder was able to do in spite of that voice. The supporting actors contributed some notably unidiomatic performances; watching what appeared to be an all-WASP cast, I was reminded of something Miller himself has had difficulty coming to terms with: the extent to which he is a specifically Jewish playwright. Quentin's mother, for instance, was played by Lila Kennedy, who, I was told, has been for many years the first lady of theatre in Atlanta. Miss Kennedy performed with plenty of dignity and plenty of poise, but she hadn't a clue about what to do with a line like: "Who knew he would end up so big in the gallstones?"

*After the Fall* is Quentin's self-analysis, delivered to an imaginary psychiatrist: Mr. Broad staged it explicitly as a psychodrama. He added the psychiatrist to the cast, and wrote him a few lines explaining that a group of people have gathered to help Quentin by acting out elements of his past. The actors spent the evening seated in chairs set around the perimeter of the thrust stage, facing inward; they would get up when required, play a scene, and sit down again. The device did not strike me as intrusive, and it may have made the play clearer to those unfamiliar with nonrealistic dramaturgical devices. But Broad carried his scheme to the point where it committed him to an unvarying, rudimentary plan of staging, with setting and lighting to match, and this made a dull production duller.

In addition to *After the Fall* and *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, Theatre Atlanta has scheduled *Tobacco Road, Waltz of the Toreadors, Caesar and Cleopatra, Boy Meets Girl, Moby Dick* (in Orson Welles's adaptation), and a new play for its first season. (*Caesar and Cleopatra* features the Negro actress Diana Sands as Cleopatra; that ought to stir up some excitement in Atlanta.) The plays are presented in repertory, so that at least two are on view every week. Only four performances are given per week, yet in spite of the novelty of a glamorous new auditorium, in spite of the national publicity attracted by its opening, in spite of the organization's roots in the community, Theatre Atlanta is running at only 55 per cent of capacity. It seats 765; Broad admits that for the present, 400 would have been plenty. But, after all, isn't it shortsighted to build just for the present?

Unfortunately, the power structure and the big money in Atlanta are committed to the Arts Center going up a few blocks away, and have little to spare for the new repertory company. Theatre Atlanta has built for the future, but it is an open question whether it can hold on until the future comes.

The Repertory Theatre of New Orleans has, for the moment, no such problems since it is bankrolled by the federal government to the extent of $500,000 for the season. The money comes from the National Endowment



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for the Arts and the U.S. Office of Education; it is part of a pilot project to test whether live professional theatre deserves a place in the high school curriculum. The Repertory Theatre's primary function is to mount a season of four productions, each of which is seen free of charge by virtually all of the 38,000 high school sophomores, juniors and seniors in the New Orleans area. (The other part of the project is a similar company, financed by a similar federal grant, in Providence, R. I.) This is not another program to provide "scenes from" this and that to tour high school auditoriums on a shoestring. The Repertory Theatre gives its student audiences full-length, full-scale productions in a 1,500-seat former road-show house; in addition to the student matinees, each production is performed three times a week, at ordinary prices, for the public.

Theatre Atlanta evolved (too quickly for its own good, perhaps) out of an established community group; the Repertory Theatre of New Orleans came into existence last fall by government fiat. Both are having trouble at the box office. The Repertory Theatre has about 5,000 adult subscribers, and sells about 5,000 additional tickets for each production over the counter, which means that the adult performances have taken place before half-empty houses. Stuart Vaughan, producing director of the theatre, complains that "the adult population is extremely slow to respond. . . . I don't think New Orleans would have had a local professional theatre for fifteen or twenty years without government intervention." One New Orleanian I talked to had been to see Vaughan's production of *Romeo and Juliet*. "It was terrible," he said. "I don't think they changed the scenery three times in the whole production." If this reaction is typical, it would seem that New Orleans has been, as Vaughan says, "a culturally deprived area."

Vaughan is a considerable person in the resident professional theatre movement. At the age of 42, he has been instrumental in founding four resident professional companies in various parts of the country. He was the first artistic director of the New York Shakespeare Festival, the Phoenix Theatre Repertory Company (New York) and the Seattle Repertory Theatre. In December of 1965, he was suddenly dismissed by the board of directors of the Seattle Rep; shortly thereafter, Roger L. Stevens, Special Assistant to the President on the Arts, picked him to head what became the New Orleans company. (Vaughan was chosen as its director before New Orleans was chosen as its location.)

During his days in Central Park with the New York Shakespeare Festival, Vaughan tended toward imaginative, busy productions; he once introduced a miniature circus into *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Nowadays his work is more scrupulous, more conservative, more austere; some people find it stuffy.

> I keep being interested more and more [he says] in how to make the audience listen to the play on the play's own terms, and less concerned with how to create an exciting success. I think a lot of directors think if you've excited them, you've done it. But I want the audience to see *the play*. If they want to get excited, that's swell too. . . . Naturally one wants to interest, to move, to excite—but with what? For what purpose? How much?

If a director is determined, as Vaughan is, to avoid directorial razzle-dazzle, he had better have a pretty good group of actors, since they're going to be up there with nothing to distract attention from their deficiencies. Vaughan would seem to be in a good position to form such a company: he is an old hand at the trade, with ten years of experience in fishing the New York talent pool (where nearly all the regional theatres look for their actors). No other American director has had so much practice in putting a resident company together from scratch. Furthermore, he has plenty of money at his disposal: he can afford an all-Equity company, and he can afford a top salary for resident actors of $300 a week. Special guest stars get even more than $300, and so Tessie O'Shea came down to New Orleans to play the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*; Parker Fenelley appears as the Stage Manager in *Our Town*, and June Havoc will be Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*. (Atlanta can't pay any actor more than $150 a week.)

And yet the New Orleans *Romeo and Juliet*, directed by Vaughan, was not impressive. The first half went well enough, thanks to Miss O'Shea, and Humbert Allen Astredo as Mercutio. Astredo was a mature Mercutio, looking quite a bit older than his friend Romeo. He made no pretensions to elegance; he was even willing to get laughs by gargling and spitting. But he gargled and spat in a likable manner, and he had the bounce and brio the part needs. Miss O'Shea, a stout English vaudevillian who has appeared on Broadway and done a turn on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, gave her usual performance. But since her usual performance consists mostly of radiating vigorous, vulgar, big-hearted love in all directions, she made a very good Nurse.

After the halfway mark, however, Mercutio is dead, and the Nurse's best opportunities are over; the lovers must carry the play. Vaughan's Romeo and Juliet were attractively youthful, but had not much to offer beyond that. Rex Thompson was, I suppose, a tolerable Romeo of the extreme poetic-exquisite persuasion. As for the Juliet (Gretchen Corbett), she was merely slightly insipid.

Vaughan's staging was straightforward and sensible, but the best that can be said of the production as a whole was that it was better than no *Romeo and Juliet* at all. Like the work of Vaughan's that I saw in Seattle, it was somewhat dry and lacking in impact.

The conditions I have been describing are by no means peculiar to Atlanta and New Orleans. All over the country, the ambitions of theatrical entrepreneurs have — temporarily, one hopes — outstripped both the capacities of the available talent and the desires of the local audience. Until both the actors and the audiences catch up, the resident theatres would seem to be in for some awkward years.

## THE ISLANDER

*Sugar I am CALLING you. Not*
*Journeyed all these years for this:*
*You stalking chicken in the subways,*
*Nights hunched in alleys all to get*
*That pinch . . . O heartbit,*
*Fastened to the chair.*
*Your supper's freezing in the dark.*
*While I, my prince, my prince . . .*
*Your fruit lights up.*
*I watch your hands pulling at the grapes.*

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